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# Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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## OUR BABY'S JOURNEY.

Our baby has taken a journey to-night
To a mystic land up yonder,
Whose moonlit valleys are hidden quite
By the dreamy clouds of wonder.
And how did he go? and pray, is it far?
Did he travel alone, the woe elf?
Ah! yes; but I noted each turn in the way
So well, that perhaps it's not boasting to say
I might take the same journey myself.

The way is not far; but he started at dusk,
When the twilight stars were peeping
Most timidly through their curtain of blue,
Behind which they lay all day sleeping.
Then far, far way, 'cross the plains of day,
Came the sand-man, so silent and lone;
And to baby's surprise, both his big shining eyes
Were soon filled with the dust he had sown.

Yet he tarried awhile, by the peek-a-boo stile;
There a spray from the "drowsy fountain"
Seemed to dim the light in his eyes so bright;
Then a shadow from good-night mountain
Fell over the toy; then on, right on
Surprised, I sit silent and wonder,
'Neath the starlit arches of by-low-by;
His calmly glides without murmur or cry,
Right into the land up yonder.

But I trust in the morn, o'er the sun-kissed strand,
Our loved babe will return from the slumberland.
—Mrs. Mary Felton, in Good Housekeeping.

## UNCLE GEORGE'S VISIT.

### The "Relative" Whom All Delighted to Honor.

You would have thought he was the prince of Wales, or at least a lord or a duke, by the way they treated him.

But he wasn't. There was nothing blue-blooded or princely about him. He was only plain George Lewis, a rough, hardened old miner, who had gone to the Black Hills when he was a boy, and by long years of toil had amassed a fortune.

And now he had come east to enjoy and visit with his fashionable but by no means wealthy relations.

"Mr. Leslie," that gentleman's wife announced one evening at the dinner table, "my uncle George, whom I have never seen, is coming to visit us within a few weeks, and he says he may stay a month or two, and may conclude to make his home with us if—"

"Make his home with us?" snorted Mr. Leslie, putting down his cup of coffee with a vicious jerk. "Well, I guess not. I don't object to your poor relations coming here once in awhile for a few days, but as for one quartering himself with us for the rest of his natural lifetime it's too much. Haven't I told you—"

"If it's agreeable," went on Mrs. Leslie, calmly resuming at the point where she had been interrupted by her irate spouse, as though nothing had happened.

"And he says that he has made a large fortune and thinks, as he is over sixty years of age and in rather poor health, he wants to enjoy a few years of rest before he dies."

No stage transformation scene was ever half so wonderful as the change that took place on the chubby face of Mr. Leslie. His gray side-whiskers fairly bristled with new-found joy.

But he tried hard to conceal his change of sentiment. That was diplomacy. And one of Mr. Leslie's fondest delusions was that he was a second Machiavelli.

"Well, I guess we can find room for him. How would it do to put him in the front room upstairs? Don't you think it ought to be repapered, Mrs. Leslie?" said the husband.

And, of course, Mrs. Leslie, who had been asking for such an improvement for some weeks, eagerly assented and thanked her stars for more than one reason that her uncle was coming.

"Won't it be splendid to have him here?" said Miss Florence Leslie, a rather tall, stately young woman, whose ideas ran much to society. "Maybe now I'll get that pair of diamond earrings I have been waiting for so long."

"He may be such a horrid old guy we shall all be ashamed of him," suggested slangy Miss Bessie, a year younger than her sister Florence. "Fancy him sitting on our veranda with a big slouch hat and his trousers tucked into his boots when the De Goodleys drive by. How they will laugh at us!"

"Do you think Uncle George would buy me a pair of ponies, mamma?" queried young Robert, who, though but nine years of age, appeared keenly alive to the situation.

Uncle George came. He was a very modest, unassuming gentleman, with a bronzed face and the quiet ways of a man who has been an exile from society for years. And, strange to say, he was rather averse to talking about the family history.

"He's a very modest man, Uncle George is," said Mrs. Leslie, explaining this peculiarity to a neighbor. "But do you know," she said, in a mysterious whisper, "he must be very wealthy. I know he must be getting ready to make us some splendid present. For I saw him counting over an enormous roll of bills the other day, as though he were studying what to buy."

Mr. Leslie, too, was likewise eagerly expectant. He had really begun to like Uncle George—at least he thought he did.

And so it went down to the youngest member of the family. Uncle George, it must be owned, fared pretty well.

They even gave a grand party in honor of the newly arrived relation from the west. All their friends were invited. The caterers were given carte blanche. It was really a fine affair.

"We wish to spare no pains to make my dear uncle feel at home," said Mrs. Leslie to her friend, Mrs. Gordon, that night.

"To make him feel at home," echoed Mr. Leslie. "It is our aim to make his last days as pleasant as possible—you know he is getting old—for he has seen rough times out in the west, and has earned a good rest, I'll warrant."

The fact is this was a trifle hypocritical on the part of Mr. Leslie. Truth was he was beginning to get a little anxious over the fact that Uncle George was not making any lavish expenditures of his vast wealth.

In another part of the house that night there was another interesting little scene. It was behind a huge bank of ferns and palms that the vivacious Miss Bessie was explaining to her betrothed, Frank Jewett, all about the new-found relative.

"You must be very good to him, Frank," she was saying. "Of course I know he is a horrid-looking old fellow and he dresses like a scarecrow and he's as stupid as a stick and all that; but then he's rich and we all want to keep on the good side of him. If it wasn't for that we wouldn't have him in the house.

"But papa is going to let him make his home with us, and when he dies he will surely leave us all his money. And I wouldn't be a particle surprised, if we keep in his good graces, if he would furnish our house for us from cellar to garret when you and I are married."

Was that a faint chuckle that came from the other side of the thick bank of ferns and palms?

One morning Uncle George failed to come down to breakfast. This was not an unusual thing, for Mr. Leslie's avuncular relative was in the habit of taking long morning strolls, "jest to brace up my appetite a bit," he would explain.

But when he failed to come back to lunch, to dinner—when night arrived and still no Uncle George—Mrs. Leslie began to be alarmed.

"I am afraid something has happened to him," she said to her husband. "He is not very well acquainted in the city. Who knows but he may have been robbed and murdered?"

So Mr. Leslie hunted up the chief of detectives and reported the mysterious disappearance. He described the missing man.

"Was the gentleman's right forefinger missing up to the middle point?" asked the chief.

"Yes," replied Mr. Leslie, wondering how the chief knew that fact.

"And he had a sort of innocent, rustic, modest air about him?"

"Yes, yes," said the other; "you have found him, then?"

"No," replied the detective with a quizzical smile, "but I wish I could. Is this his picture?" he asked, pointing to a photograph which he had selected from a large brown book.

"The very man!" exclaimed Mr. Leslie. "Has anything happened to him? How did you come by his picture?"

"The gentleman has the distinction of having his photograph in the rogues' gallery," was the quiet reply.

"Rogues' gallery! Why, what do you mean, man?" gasped Mr. Leslie. "He is my wife's uncle."

"Can you prove that?" queried the chief.

"Why, yes—that is—well"—stammered the now thoroughly astounded man. New light was thrown on a thousand little circumstances of Uncle George's visit and actions.

"I tell you," continued the detective, pityingly; "this man is Louis Rebsteise, one of the sharpest confidence men in the country, who makes a business of this sort of work. He has been missing for some time, and I suppose he has been out west, where he probably met the real Uncle George and learned enough of your family story to play his little game.

"If you search your house you will probably find that all your silverware, jewelry and money are gone, or at least as much of them as one man can carry away."

The chief's surmise was correct. The choice old family plate, Mrs. Leslie's jewelry and two hundred dollars which Mr. Leslie had taken in the day before after banking hours—all were gone; loss eight hundred dollars.

In their place was a little note pinned to one pillow of the bed lately occupied by the departed. It read:

I must be off. Have enjoyed myself hugely. Sorry I can't leave you my vast fortune. No, Bessie, I am afraid I won't furnish your house from cellar to garret this year, if you did try to keep on the good side of your horrid-looking old Uncle George.

P. S.—Good-by.

—Boston Globe.

## THE FLOOR WALKER.

### A Polite Individual Who Does the Gallant.

The floor walker in a large dry goods house has come to be regarded as an indispensable adjunct to that class of establishments. He assumes a position near the main entrance of the store, and when a lady, or several ladies, enter the emporium he takes half a dozen steps forward, bows gracefully, smiles and lends an attentive ear while a feminine voice exclaims: "We wish to look at some dress goods, please." "Ah, yes," he replies, "this way, if you please. Delightful morning, isn't it? Air is so bracing. Mr. Browne, show the ladies some dress goods. Trust you will be pleased, ladies. Pray let me know if there's anything else I can do for you," and then he flits back to his place up front, only to go through the same performance, with slight variations, several hundred times a day. All of the regular patrons of the store whence he is employed are known personally to the floor walker and such he invariably addresses by name, while for a favored few he always has a choice bit of gossip which he imparts as he guides them to the department which they seek. It goes without saying that the floor walker is extremely punctilious about his personal appearance, and of him it may be truthfully said that he is "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." That he is the envied one of all the salesmen in the store I haven't the slightest doubt, for in all reason it must be far pleasanter and much more agreeable to spend one's time piloting fair dames to this part of the store and that than it is to stand behind a counter all day long and measure tape or ribbon, and descant on the beauties of gingham and calico. But all dry goods clerks can't be floor walkers, any more than every member of a brass band can be a drum major, and so I would say to the large number of young men in Detroit who are putting in ten or twelve hours a day selling dry goods, be faithful, be attentive, be polite, be prompt, and lo! it shall come to pass that some day you, too, shall be floor walkers and enjoy all the felicities of that position.—Detroit Free Press.

### He Was a Stranger.

"Alas," exclaimed the returned native as he wiped his eyes with his pocket handkerchief. "Alas, alas! I see no one I know! They are all strange faces here, are they not?"

"Naw," said the resident, "they're the same faces we see every day! Yours is the only strange one here!"—Boston News.

—Poems as Pointers to the Public.—Struggling Bard—"Can you use this half-column poem?" Editor—"Certainly not. Don't want any poems, and especially if they are long." Bard—"But this is headed 'Boil It Down' and advises correspondents to be brief." Editor—"Say, make a column of it and I'll take it."

## FLATTERY.

Oh, you pretty robin, keeping watch beside a lowly dwelling,
Where the happy sunshine rushes o'er the gorse bloom bright and gay,
Where the blackbirds and the thrushes are their loud love stories telling—
Do you know, I fancy, robin, you as sweetly sing as they.

Do you see that verdant meadow where the buttercups are growing,
Where the golden-hearted daisies twinkle mid the tender grass?
Do you mark the lights and shadows that the fleecy clouds are throwing,
As across the sky of azure they fantastically pass?

Just above it there's a cottage, sheltered by the budding beeches,
Where the cherry bloom is scattered on the serried crocus lines
By the playful south wind's antics, where the glistening ivy roaches
To the red-tiled roof and chimneys where the green wisteria twines.

Pretty robin, there's a maiden tall, and fair, and rather stately,
With a voice as soft as yours is, dwelling in that very cot.
And her tresses catch the sunbeams, though she speaks and moves sedately,
And her eyes are just the color of a blue forget-me-not.

Whisper, robin—can you tell me is she wandering by the river,
Where the catkins clothe the willows and the watercresses grow?
Tell me, robin, pretty robin, and I'll be your debtor ever,
For her father does not love me, and so, mind you, whisper low.

—M. Rock, in Chambers' Journal.

## A BEGGAR WOMAN.

### The Kind Deed That Crowned a Broken Life.

A strong breeze, sharp with the cold suggestion of coming winter, swept up from the bay and tossed the creaking boughs of the old button woods that stood along the roadside until they labored in the wind like ships at sea. The last of the fog was just disappearing and curled fiercely up from the woods and waters, rolling away in great, sodden masses. In the north a long line of snow clouds were sluggishly moving forward. There was something peculiar—almost sinister—in their slow, heavy formation, and the weather-wise fisherman off shore watched them uneasily and began to draw in tackle and make preparations to seek harbor.

On the land the farmers shook their heads and hastened to get the last of the pumpkins and apples under cover. Of their own accord the cattle left off grazing and sought the barnyards. Now and then stragglers from some frightened flock of wild geese flew toward the south in anxious search of their mates.

Near the end of one street of the little fishing hamlet was a weather beaten, wood colored homestead of one story and a loft, surrounded by a fence almost as old as the house itself; but as one passed through the gateway and up the grass-grown walk into the smoke-painted kitchen the poverty of the outside surroundings was forgotten in contemplation of the profusion inside.

At least this seemed to be the case with the little old woman who hobbled painfully up the path to the half open kitchen door. There she stopped irresolutely, but the savory smell of cooking was irresistible, and she pressed slowly forward into the low doorway. The kitchen was fragrant with the odors of the Saturday's baking; from the stove at the far end of the long room came a cheerful sputtering and hissing and over it a women bent in impatient suspense. Her back was toward the door, and she did not notice the great hungry eyes that were fastened on the loaves of bread and the pies and cakes and cookies that loaded the pine table. Such profusion made the wistful eyes gleam and the withered form tremble with eagerness. But she did not venture to cross the threshold.

On the floor two children were playing. They had watched the woman's approach with childish curiosity. The youngest rose to his feet and toddled toward her. After gazing at her a few moments with his big, wondering eyes he held up the cookie he had been nibbling. She hesitated, then took it and ate it greedily.

The boy laughed and went to get another, but at this moment Mrs. Barten looked up. Her face was flushed with heat and vexation. She was about to speak sharply to the children when she caught sight of the bent figure in the doorway, and her wrath was turned. Of all things she hated beggars the most.

During the summer months many of them drifted up from the neighboring seaports and proved a constant source of loss and vexation to the fishermen and farmers. Mrs. Barten had suffered with the rest, and as she turned from the stove her lips were drawn sharply over her strong white teeth. She did not see the wistful eyes and patient smile. What she saw was a cowering beggar, with some outlandish kind of head covering and a ragged shawl closely drawn about the slight form.

"Well?" she said, in a sharp, interrogative tone.

The old woman shivered as though something had struck her, but her face remained perfectly blank.

"A furriner!"

Mrs. Barten sprang forward and drew the children from so dangerous a presence. To her a foreigner seemed all that was dangerous and depraved. A sudden sputter recalled her to the stove, and by the time she was again at leisure a trace of her natural kindly disposition had come to the surface. Taking a generous handful of cookies and one of the loaves of bread, she returned to the door. But the old woman had already passed the rickety gate and was hobbling slowly down the street.

Mrs. Barten looked after her regretfully.

"I wish I'd a-give her suthin'," she muttered, as she replaced the food on the table. "but land's sake alive," she continued, briskly, after a moment's thought, "why sh'd I feel sorry? Like as not the old tramp was jest spying round arter suthin' to steal. Most likely she'll have a dozen snacks gin her before night. Here you, Rob 'n' Liza, come back to the house this minute, and don't you dare go trapezin' out ag'in!" And with mind at rest and conscience satisfied, Mrs. Barten returned to her compounds of fragrant odors.

Slowly the afternoon wore away; the pies and cakes and cookies disappeared from the table and were replaced by pans of crisp doughnuts and heavy spherical loaves of brown bread, with raised lines encircling them; with platters of juicy meats, browned to the critical point of perfection, and flanked with dishes of yellow pumpkin and white turnip and scarlet cranberry. As the table became crowded these in turn were taken to the storeroom to wait the coming of the "great day." And still the tired and flushed mistress of the kitchen went on with her mixing and tasting and baking.

The low, sullen line of clouds became more menacing and crept on until they had masked the entire sky. The wind grew strong and was soon filled with fine particles of swirling snow, but Mrs. Barten heeded not; time was too precious.

"It's growing dark," she grumbled, as she slid more pans into the oven; "days are pesky short this time o' year."

It was only when a fierce gust of wind hurled a cloud of snow against the window that she looked up.

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "It's snowing 'n' I'll lay a dollar them dratted children's out in it."

Hurrying to the door she called shrilly:

"Bob! Liza! March your boots in here quicker'n lightning!"

Receiving no reply she muttered angrily:

"Upstairs rumagin', most likely. Seems with all my work they might quit their didoes for awhile."

But when a sharp call up the stairs failed to elicit response she began to look anxious. Throwing a shawl over her head she went out into the yard. The snow was now whirling past in blinding sheets, and the keen wind cut one like a knife. Already white drifts were forming in the fence corners and sheltered places. Objects a dozen yards away were becoming indistinct.

A thorough search of the yard failed to show any trace of the children and she returned to the house to decide on her next move. She could not determine the direction the childish feet had taken and once out of sight of the house she knew there was little probability of their finding their way back by themselves. There was no danger of their being lost unless they wandered away from the village, but Liza had scarcely recovered from the measles and Mrs. Barten had all the mother's horror of wet feet and colds.

A smell of burning bread drew her attention to the stove. When she returned to the door she saw a bent figure coming up the path. A moment later and the old woman stood before her, but now the ragged shawl was closely wrapped around one child, while another clung to her skirts, sobbing bitterly. The stranger's face was full of a wistful tenderness, but Mrs. Barten did not see it. Assured of the children's safety, her feelings underwent a quick change. Her child in the arms of a dreaded "furriner." In a moment she had hurried the little ones to the fire and was removing their outer garments. What contamination and disease might not lurk in the ragged shawl and draggled skirts!

She was aroused from her reflections by the entrance of her husband.

"More wet feet, eh?" he said, as he drew a chair to the stove.

"Aller's wet feet when there's anything to wet 'em in," she answered. Then, after a moment, she added: "You go tell the old woman she can come in to the fire. Beggars and young 'uns are enough to make folks lose their wits."

"I passed an old woman outside the gate," he said, as he took his pipe from the shelf and began to fill it. "If it's her you mean, she's half down the street before this."

"Then I'm shet o' thet trial," she said, in a relieved tone. "Some of the neighbors will be sure 'n' take her in."

All night long and the next day and night the snow whirled and drifted about the village. Then the sun came out and the men and boys took their teams and shovels and began to dig communications between the houses. As the paths became clear one neighbor after another sallied forth to gossip over the events of the storm.

At length some one mentioned the old beggar woman, and then it was learned that no one knew of her whereabouts; nearly all had seen her, and most of them confessed that they had sent her away with a "flea in her bonnet."

One man thought she went toward the Freeman house. This was a deserted building just out of the village. Without hesitation the men took their shovels and began to dig vigorously in that direction. And Mrs. Barten worked with the foremost.

"Lucky there's a good fireplace and plenty of fuel in the old house," said one. "The old lady can keep warm, but I guess she'll be mighty hungry."

When they reached the house there was no sign of its being occupied.

"She ain't here," said the man who had spoken before, as he threw open the door.

But he was mistaken; they found her inside. She was dead.—Kansas City Times.

### The Poor Queen of China.

The queen of China is really to be pitied. At least so say the Chinese correspondents. As the very young wife of her boy husband she is entitled to a very large slice of royal good times. But the empress dowager is a strong-minded lady and rules with an iron hand. She is a woman of powerful physique, strikingly handsome, and of so firm and strong disposition that all other wills must bend to hers. When the emperor inadvertently does something to displease her he is made to regret it and as for his poor wife she has nothing to say at all. She isn't even allowed to have a good time as she might have if she were left alone.

## ABOUT BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

A GOOD camel will travel one hundred miles a day for ten days.

WHILE Billy Smith's hounds were running a mink recently a large hawk swooped down and caught the mink and carried it off, writes a Hix (Ga.) correspondent.

A BIG owl tried to carry away a dog at a lumber camp on the Machias river, Maine, but was captured by one of the logging crew after a lively fight. The owl was a warrior, its head being full of porcupine quills, indicating a recent battle.

TO PROTECT itself from the rain the orang-outang crooks its arms over its head. The hair on the orang's upper arm points downward, while on the lower arm it points upward, the apparent purpose being to shed the rain like a thatch.

## THE FARMER.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well;
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar, whate'er befall
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth.
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And to man loses for his gain;
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.
—Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger

## THE TWO MIGGSES.

### The Story of a Misunderstood Nature.

"I think it's an outrage!"

"I should say it was. When we can scarcely stand one Miggs, the idea of having two Miggses thrust upon us!"

Miss Clara entered the room just in time to hear the last remark. "I hope the members of my mission band are not engaged in talking against their neighbors," she said gravely.

There was a deep silence for a moment; then Edith Lyle asked thoughtfully: "Miss Clara, do you think a schoolteacher ought to be cross?"

"And scold half the time?" added another girl.

"And wear shabby dresses?" said a third.

"And fix her hair in the very horridest fashion she can think of?" was the question of a fourth.

"As I am not acquainted with any such person," said Miss Clara, quietly, "I am scarcely prepared to answer your questions."

"Oh! but you do know our teacher, Miss Miggs, and she is guilty of every one of these charges," exclaimed Etta Wright, impulsively; "and not one of us can endure her, yet her sister has been appointed assistant. It is awful to think of having two Miggses!"

"I say so, too," said Annie Jennings, boldly.

The other girls looked up anxiously to see what reply Miss Clare would make to these assertions. Miss Clare was the very picture of neatness and sweetness and gentleness. This her Sabbath-school girls had repeatedly affirmed. In fact, they believed that she was everything that is requisite to make up the perfect lady. They knew she could not sanction carelessness of dress or hasty temper, and surely she must side with them in this case.

Much to their disappointment, she quietly dismissed the subject by promising to take it up at some future time. "But now for business, girls. How many aprons are we going to make this afternoon?"

"Oh! ever so many if you will read to us while we sew."

"I thought of telling you a story instead of reading it. How will that suit?"

"Better! better!" cried a number of the girls, simultaneously, and the other ones also agreeing, Miss Clare began:

"Several years ago there lived in the village of Cressbury a girl by the name of Julia Hagermann. Julia was fonder of study than the majority of girls of her age, but her favorite subject was music. Indeed, her love for that was passionate, and her greatest joy was to sit before a piano. But such instruments were not plentiful in those days, and the Hagermanns were too poor to afford one. Sometimes Julia would find a chance to run into a neighbor's where there was a piano and spend a few minutes trying to teach herself from the beginning of the exercise book; but these spare minutes were scarce, for there was a great deal of work to be done in the Hagermann family, and, as Julia was the eldest child, the bulk of it fell to her lot. She often thought if she only had a piano she would practice early and late in the hope of becoming a fine musician; then what wondrous things she would accomplish for her family!

"One day an uncle of Julia's died and left her some money. She had been his favorite niece, and he wished her to spend the money just as she pleased; he thought there was probably enough to purchase the long-wished-for piano. You may be sure that Julia was very happy when the money came into her possession; and she had begun to wonder what kind of a piano it was best for her to buy, when she overheard her father saying that unless he could raise money to liquidate a certain debt his creditor would make considerable trouble for him. The money ought to be ready the following day, and Mr. Hagermann had no way of raising it. The amount he owed was about equal to the sum Julia had for the piano, and the unselfish girl went at once to her father laid the money in his hand, and said: 'Take this. I can wait for my piano.'

"The look of unutterable relief that came into his face when I gave it to him more than repaid me for the sacrifice,' Julia afterward said to her mother.

"'My precious girl!' Mr. Hagermann cried, 'it shall not be for long. You'll have a piano as soon as I can get it, though I am compelled to work day and night for the money.'

"A short time after that Mr. Hagermann was accidentally killed, and thus Julia lost a kind and loving father. This was the first great sorrow of her life. But though the family was deprived of the principal bread-winner and found it very difficult to make both ends meet, Julia still clung to the hope of owning a piano and becoming a musician. She attended school, and worked hard before and after school hours to help her mother support the family. When she was sixteen years of age their circumstances improved somewhat, for two of the boys were then working, and Julia and her mother were plentifully supplied with sewing, for which they were well paid. Thus they managed to save money to buy a piano, but when once more ready to make the purchase were again prevented. It had become necessary for Mrs. Hagermann's mother to live with them, and she was such a nervous old lady that the children constantly annoyed her by their boisterous ways; therefore the doctor advised Mrs. Hagermann to take her to an old ladies' home. The one he recommended was an excellent institution, but a certain sum of money must be paid before she could enter. The grandmother went gladly, but she never knew that Julia's piano money was again sacrificed for another's good.

"The following year Mrs. Hagermann married a man who proved to be intemperate and brutal. No one but the family will ever know the suffering he caused them until they were relieved of his presence by death. About this time Julia graduated and received an appointment as teacher in a school near home. Now, she thought, she would surely realize her fondest hopes; but as fast as she saved money it was needed for something in the family. Finally diphtheria entered the home and took away the three boys, leaving of the children only Julia and a little girl four years old. The expense and sorrow this occasioned you can imagine; I shall not attempt to describe it. Then came the saddest affliction of all. The trouble through which she passed had caused such a strain on Mrs. Hagermann's mind that she went hopelessly insane. Of course she had to be removed to an asylum; and Julia became a mother to little Elsie. 'Then I gave up all hope of becoming a musician,' she said to me with tears that would not be kept back. 'All I can do is to live for Elsie and my poor mother.'

"The mother is dead, and the little sister is grown up now and hopes to be able at least partly to repay Julia for her devotion; but she cannot give her back the buoyancy of youth or the healthy body and nerves that accompanied it. How do you think a class ought to treat a teacher who has experienced so much trouble?"

"With kindness, of course," said one of the girls, quickly.

"Even though she is cross sometimes, and cannot smile because she is unable to forget how her poor mother died?" added Miss Clare.

"Why, yes, they ought to make allowance for her," said Annie Jennings.

"Even though she dresses shabbily and wears her hair in an unbecoming style?" still further questioned Miss Clare.

"Oh! you can't—you surely can't mean Miss Miggs?" cried Josie Thayer.

"Of course not," said Etta Wright, decidedly; "this lady was named Hagermann."

"But, my dear," returned Miss Clare, "you remember her mother married again. The second husband was named Miggs. That was another of Julia's sacrifices. She took the name 'Miggs' to please her mother, though she disliked it very much."

"Then it was our Miss Miggs, after all," exclaimed Edith Lyle. "O girls! how shamefully we have treated her!"

"And we have been so annoying today," said Etta, penitently.

"It is useless to spend time in vain regret over the past, my dears. We can only make up for mistakes by doing better in the future. When you are again tempted to judge a person, remember that there may be circumstances which excuse the faults that you are so quick to notice."

Meanwhile Miss Miggs sat alone in her room grieving over her failures in school work. It had been an exceedingly trying day, and she had lost her temper a number of times. How could she control those large scholars and win respect from the little ones? Furthermore, how could she bear to have gentle Elsie come and witness her impatience and lack of success? These questions still remained unsettled when she started wearily to school the following day.

But during the first session it seemed to her that she had somehow solved the problems after all. The girls had never behaved so well, and the boys appeared to profit by their example. In fact, teaching had never before been so pleasant and easy; she did not lose her temper once through the day, and at three o'clock, when her scholars bid her good afternoon pleasantly, the poor teacher wondered if she could possibly be dreaming. But no, there was the same state of affairs day after day; the girls and boys who had been most troublesome seemed to be making a decided effort to behave well; there was a marked improvement in the conduct of the whole school, and when Elsie appeared to take charge of the little ones, Miss Miggs was proud to introduce the scholars to her. As for Miss Elsie, the girls immediately fell in love with her charming face and manners. "She is just as pretty and lovely as she can be," was the verdict; "doesn't look one bit like her sister."

But after awhile they noticed that Miss Miggs seemed to be growing younger and better looking. Elsie was the fairy that brought the transformation; she dressed her sister's hair becomingly and saw that she had clothing suitable for a school-teacher. "You can afford it, dear, you know," she said to Julia one day. "You must not spend another cent on me now."

But the most beautiful light came into Miss Miggs' eyes the day the trustees sent a piano to the school. The larger scholars had secretly demanded it, and the morning it arrived they rejoiced with exceeding great joy because of the happiness it caused their teacher.

"Miss Miggs is almost handsome today!" exclaimed Etta Wright. "How happiness does beautify one's countenance!"

Miss Miggs thinks she is too old now to attempt becoming a grand musician, but it would do you good to see the comfort afforded her by that piano.—S. Jennie Smith, in Demorest's Magazine.

### A Terrible Rifle.

The very latest invention in the way of magazine small arms, and one not yet submitted to the United States army board, is the gun that has just been put in test by the Italian authorities. The rifle is four feet long and of the smallest caliber yet attempted, .256-inch. The speed of the bullet is 2,360 foot-seconds, and as regards its penetrative force it is said that the ball will pierce two mattresses and two planks five inches thick at a distance of nearly a mile. Loading is effected

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - AUGUST 5, 1892.


**Democratic National Ticket.**

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND, New York.
For Vice-President,
ADLAI STEVENSON, Illinois.

**Democratic State Ticket.**

For Congressman at Large.
GEORGE A. ALLEN, Erie.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

For Supreme Judge.
CRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

For Electors at Large.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, Tioga.
JNO. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WILSON, Allegheny.

For District Electors.

| | |
|---|---|
| Samuel G. Thompson, | Clement R. Wainright |
| Adam S. Conway, | Charles H. Lafferty, |
| W. Redwood Wright, | George R. Guss, |
| John G. James, | William Mohan, |
| James Duffey, | Charles D. Brock, |
| S. W. Trimmer, | Samuel S. Leiby, |
| Azar Lathrop, | F. C. Hipple, |
| Thomas Chaltant, | W. D. Hummelright, |
| P. H. Struhinger, | H. B. Piper, |
| Joseph D. Orr, | Charles A. Fagan, |
| Andrew A. Payton, | John D. Braden, |
| Michael Liebel, | Thomas McDowell, |
| J. K. P. Hall. | |

**Democratic County Ticket.**

For Congress,
L. D. WOODRUFF.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Congressional Conference.)
For Senate,
GEORGE E. CONRAD.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Senatorial Conference.)
For Assembly,
S. W. ALLEN.
JAMES J. THOMAS.
For Prothonotary,
J. C. DARBY.
For Register and Recorder,
D. A. McGOUGH.
For District Attorney,
F. J. O'CONNOR.
For Poorhouse Director,
RAPHAEL RITE.
For Surveyor,
H. SCANLAN.

THE benefits of protection never reach the farmer.

LONDON firms are said to spend over $10,000,000 a week in advertising.

THERE have been patents granted to 646 women from New York state since 1809.

INSURANCE agents report that more valuable barns have been destroyed by lightning this summer than in any recent summer.

BOSS QUAY says he "thinks Harrison will be elected." The boss was equally sure that Delamater, of fragrant memory, would be elected governor of Pennsylvania two years ago.

"THE Democratic party stands for principles. It insists "that no plan of tariff legislation shall be tolerated which has for its object and purpose a forced contribution from the earnings and income of the mass of our citizens to swell directly the accumulations of a favored few."—*Grover Cleveland.*

ATTORNEY GENERAL HENSEL in a speech at the Montgomery county Democratic convention, last week, compared Cleveland with Gladstone, and defined the doctrine of Democracy on the tariff. He predicted that Cleveland would carry all the northern states except Vermont, Maine and possibly Pennsylvania.

THOUGH England has had many Prime Ministers who lived to be octogenarians there has been but one British Premier in this century besides Mr. Gladstone, and none in the last, who was in office when past eighty. That aged statesman was Lord Palmerston, who died at his post in his eighty-first year, in 1865.

CHAIRMAN CARTER has had an interview with President Harrison and it is understood that he impressed upon the latter the necessity of an immediate supply of fat with which to grease the party wheels. The necessity being urgent they might apply to Carnegie, who would no doubt plank down liberally.

A MONSTER bell, one of the largest of its kind, especially cast for the new church of the Sacred Heart, on the Heights of Montmartre, has been completed at Annecy in Savoy. The immense instrument, which, when hung in its lofty position, will be audible all over Paris, weighs, with its clapper, nearly 25 tons.

A HUNDRED and fifty persons buried beneath an avalanche in Switzerland, hundreds of lives lost in the eruption of Mount Etna, cholera ravaging an increasing area in Russia and ten thousand human beings destroyed by the volcanic outbreak in the Malay Archipelago make up a July calamity record which puts our mercury in the shade.

ANARCHIST ALEXANDER BERGMAN, who tried to assassinate Chairman H. C. Frick, was given a hearing on Friday, and in default in giving bail in $24,000, was committed to jail to await trial in the September sessions. He is believed to be but one of the nest of Anarchists that are secretly carrying on their nefarious operations in this country.

IT takes ten colums of space in the New York *World* to recapitulate all the strikes which have occured in protected industries in this country since the McKinley law went into effect. The magnitude of the list is astounding even to those who have long been convinced that "protection" protects capital in its aggressions on labor. Sixteen days after the act went into effect 1,200 miners at Dayton, Tenn., struck against a reduction of wages. That was the first; it has been followed by more than four hundred and seventy-five strikes against reduction of wages under the operation of the McKinley tariff. As the *World* expresses it, there has been no instant of time since the McKinley tariff act went into effect that there has not been in progress, somewhere within the United States, a strike against a proposed reduction of wages in some protected industry.

NEVER have American workingmen, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, had a plainer issue upon which to cast their ballost than they have this year. They have had plenty of time and abundance of opportunity to determine the worth of the Republican measures they have been asked to support, and the only thing now necessary is for them to form opinions upon their observations.

The old cry of free trade and low wages is being dinned into their ears in the old style. Well, suppose the tariff be lowered, what then? Their wages cannot be made any lower than they are now becoming. Wages of American workingmen are less than by $5 per capita than they were a few years ago. They are being reduced in the protected industries more than in any other. Let any man who belongs to a union of workingmen employed in a protected industry examine the reports of wages paid to members during the existence of that union. Let him examine the records of strikes and lockouts and note why they were declared. There can be no more eloquent teacher of the fallaciousness of protection than the records of protected workingmen's unions.

It is denied that lower tariff will cause lower wages. The tariff was reduced on steel billets, but Mr. Frick said that had nothing to do with the reduction of wages at Homestead. The tariff on sugar was removed altogether, yet workingmen in the sugar industry have suffered no reductions of wages in consequence, neither has American sugar been driven out of the market. Indeed, incomprehensible as it may appear from a Republican standpoint, the production and sales of American sugar are actually increasing.

While the wages of workingmen are being reduced the purchasing power of his money also becomes smaller; he loses doubly. He loses the amount of money cut from his usual income and he pays a tax to the protected manufacturer. Every workingman knows that he must pay a tax upon whatever he imports, but there are some who forget that they pay an equal tax upon articles manufactured here, the only difference being that the tax on imports goes into the national treasury while the other goes into the pocket of the manufacturer and that the latter is far the greater in amount.

The issue is plain, and no workingman can afford to ignore it. In fact, no workingman will. He has been fooled, but will no longer play the fool for anybody's enrichment.

THE news from Alabama, says the Philadelphia *Record*, is full of encouragement for the Democratic party. The election of the Democratic candidate for governor by a rousing majority over a coalition of the Farmer's Alliance, the Republican party, and dissatisfied Democrats, after a rattling campaign, puts an end to the fear that the South can be seduced from its old allegiance by any side issue. The South is solid. The leaders of Democracy may, therefore, give their undivided attention to keeping the Democratic states of the North in line, and to pushing the battle for tariff reform in Massachussetts, New Hampshire, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan.

The result in Alabama clears away the smoke. From henceforth the battle will be a battle waged in the debatable states of the North. The Republican campaigners will throw no more money away in dalliance with the Farmer's Alliance. The soup that was in that dish has been spilt. They will concentrate their efforts, and their cash, in an attempt to repeat the achievement of 1888, when they really purchased the presidency with the "fat" friend out of protected manufacturers.

The people of the United States at the first opportunity indignantly repudiated the apparant bargain by which the contributors to the Harrison campaign fund were repaid in tariff legislation for their cash outlay. They will now have the opportunity to thrust out, neck and heels, the president as well as the Congress which came into power as a result of the election of 1888. Nothing seems surer than that the votes of the country will make the best of their opportunity. The Republican party has done nothing to deserve further trial.

THE president last Friday vetoed the famous McGarrahan claim bill.

Thirty-seven years ago, William McGarrahan, who alleged that property owned by him in Southern California, of the value of about nine million dollars, had been seized and held by outside parties when valuable mineral deposits were found on the land. For more than a third of a century, McGarrahan, now a poor man, has prosecuted his claim before Congress. The bill has several times passed both branches, but never till the present session has it received the sanction of the Senate and House at the same time.

It is alleged that D. O. Mills, the millionaire father-in-law of Whitelaw Reid, the Republican candidate for vice president is one of the "outside parties" who would be compelled to disgorge if the bill had received the president's signature, and it is alleged that this little fact had much to do with the veto, though other special reasons are set forth in Mr. Harrison's veto message. Mr. Mills will no doubt contribute liberally to the Harrison-Reid compaign fund.

ALEXANDER K. CRAIG, member of Congress from the Twenty-fourth district, died at his home in Claisville, Washington county, Pa., at 9 o'clock on Friday night, aged 64 years. The deceased had been in delicate health for several weeks. Mr. Craig was given a seat in Congress last February, after successfully contesting the election of Colonel Andrew Stewart, Republican.

PROMINENT northwestern Democrats who attended the notification meeting in New York, last week, are confident that Cleveland will carry Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Nebraska.

## Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 30th, 1892. The World's Fair appropriation is now struggling in the House with the intense heat and the obstructive tactics of those opposed to it. The first is driving some of its friends away, and the last is being engineered by Representative Outhwaite, of Ohio, who claims to have the pledges of fifty-one members to stay here until December, if necessary, to defeat the appropriation. A number of those who opposed the appropriation are opposed on principle to the filibustering against it after, by a vote of 118 to 107, the House had declared itself in favor of it, and few people believe that the filibusters can succeed. It is, of course, possible that a dead-lock may ensue and the session be indefinitely prolonged, but the impression is general that the contest will be short and that Congress will adjourn next week.

The Republican Senate, feeling somewhat ashamed of not having taken any action on the House bills for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to the Union, has adopted a resolution authorizing the committee on territories to visit those territories and Utah and Oklahoma during the recess in search of information. This is humbug. Senators can obtain no more information by a personal visit than is already in their possession.

Mr. Harrison has, I am informed by good authority, sent a confidential messenger to Andrew Carnegie to come to the rescue of the protecvive tariff and the Republican party by ordering a settlement of the Homestead strike. Mr. Harrison's man Carter who was at the the White House this week told him that some arrangement must be made that would be satisfactory to the locked-out men, or organized labor would hold the Republican party responsible for the whole affair.

Senator Vest seldom fails to start the heavy roarers of the Republican menagerie when he opens his batteries, and his masterly, although hastily prepared, answer to Senator Aldrich's long and carefully studied out defense of the Republican policy of protecting favored classes at the expense of the masses, was no exception in that respect. He cited the Homestead carnage as proof of the truthfulness of Senator Aldrich's statement that the most amicable relations exist between employers in the United States, and to show that the Rhode Island Senator's remarks about the agricultural prosperity of the country was no nearer being true, Mr. Vest stated that the price of farm lands, which was the test of agricultural prosperity, had steadily gone down in Missouri and the other largely agricultural states, and the statement was greeted with a roar of dissatisfaction from Paddock, Davis, Pettigrew and Allison, on the Republican side. Mr. Vest then compelled Senator Allison to admit that he had made a speech once in which he said that the Iowa farmers had not been benefited by the duty on wool, and the only explanation Allison could give for his change of front was that he had changed his mind. He made a strong point on the question of who pays the tariff tax by quoting a a letter written to McKinley by an Irish car-driver in Washington, who had to pay $3 duty on a dozen pairs of socks sent to him by his mother in Irland, saying that he had read McKinley's speeches stating that the tariff tax was paid by the foreigners, and asking to what foreign government he should apply to have that $3 refunded. "Will the Senator read Mr. McKinley's reply?" asked Senator Pasco. "If it ever comes, I will," replied Mr. Vest.

Senator Carlisle replied to that portion of Senator Aldrich's speech which attempted to turn into Republican campaign material the facts brought out by the Senate committee, of which Aldrich was chairman and Carlisle and Harris the Democratic members, in a manner which convicted the Rhode Islander of intense partisanship, not to give it a worse name.

In view of the criticism of the manner in which the examinations of national banks has been conducted under this administration, Mr. Harrison's selection of A. B. Hepburn, who has been the examiner of National banks for New York city, to be comptroller of the currency vice Lacey resigned to become president of a Chicago national bank, is not regarded as a movement towards reform.

Representative Coombs, of New York, is chairman of a sub-committee, of the House, which has has been authorized to investigate the Reading railroad coal deal during the recess. The other members of the committee are Patterson, of Tennessee, Lind, of Minnesota, Stoper, of Ohio, and Wise, of Virginia, ex-officio who is chairman of the commerce committee.

Mr. Harrison might be excused for chuckling a little when Senators Quay and Cameron were compelled, by lack of support in the shape of votes, to withdraw their opposition to the confirmation of Mr. Shiras as a Justice of the Supreme court, thus acknowledging themselves to be knocked out.

## May be a Murderer.

NORRISTOWN, July 29.—John Camburn called upon District Attorney Brownback at 5 o'clock this morning and gave himself up for the shootng of William Kane at Ambler Wednesday afternoon. He was placed in jail, awaiting the results of Kane's injuries. The men had been drinking together in Philadelphia and went home to Ambler during the afternoon, when Camburn's jealous disposition led him to try to shoot his wife. After he discharged two shots Kane remonstrated and Camburn turned upon him. Kane tried to push the muzzle of the gun away when it was discharged, making a serious wound in the abdomen.

## Fired the Building.

READING, Pa., August 2.—A very bitter feeling has been engendered against Italians since 100 Reading workingmen sent a petition to Governor Pattison alleging they were refused work on the state asylum building at Wernersville and preference given to the foreigners. A large building had been prepared on the asylum grounds for the reception of more Italians from New York. Last night incendiaries set it on fire badly damaging it.

The contractor claims he cannot get enough workmen from this vicinity.

## Colonel Streator Arrested.

PITTSBURG, Pa., August 2.—Lieutenant Colonel Streator was arrested at his home in Washington, Pa., this afternoon on the charges of aggravated assault and battery and assault and battery, preferred by Private Iams. Colonel Streator went before Squire Ruple and waived a hearing for appearance at the September term of court in Pittsburg. He gave bail in the sum of $500 on each charge and was released. Colonel Hawkins was not arrested, as he is still on duty at Homestead.

S. W. JARVIS, a prominent Republican lawyer of Bloomfield, Ind., has declared his intention of supporting Cleveland.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**


## A Letter from Cleveland.

NEW YORK, July 28.—Ex-President Grover Cleveland has written to Otto Kempner, chairman of the independent German-American citizens' meeting, as follows:

"BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS., July 25, 1892.

"Otto Kempner, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR—I thank you for the copy of the resolutions passed at a meeting of independent German-American citizens, held in the city of New York on the 13th inst. I also desire to express my appreciation of the kind words contained in your letter transmitting these resolutions. It is most gratifying to receive the assurances of support from a body made up of those who think independently in political matters, and who, in the language of your, resolutions, 'are accustomed to place welfare of the country above partisan considerations.'

"I fully understand the value of such support, and knowing full well the effectiveness and usefulness of effort on the part of our German-American citizens when aroused to action in any cause, I cannot but regard the assurances contained in your resolutions as of the utmost importance.

"Please assure your associates in this action of my gratitude and appreciation, and convey to them my determination to deserve the good opinion which they now entertain for me.

Very truly yours,
"GROVER CLEVELAND"

## A Memorable Sight.

WROCESTER, Mass., July 31.—Crowds who came to see Professor Blondie Willis' baloon ascension on Friday, witnessed a sight they will not soon forget. A heavy thunder storm came up and the baloon escaped from the crowd trying to hold it. One luckless spectator, Benjamin Long was caught by the right foot in a loop of the anchor rope and carried heavenwards head down. The balloon shot upwards. Long was swayed to and fro in his frantic endeavors to get into the parachute. Two thousand waited with bated breath to see the unlucky man brained on a house chimney or dashed to death on the ground.

From the very first Long made efforts to save himself. His poor old mother was in the crowd and was almost paralyzed with horror as she saw her son hanging by his foot. Far up in the gloom and darkness flashes of lightning revealed his position in the air and just when death seemed certain from collision with the Young Men's Christain Association boathouse he caught by chance the cutoff rope of the parachute and and dropped like a shot fifty feet. Then the big umbrella filled and he landed safely.

## May End in a Duel.

Congressman Boatner and Watson got into a quarrel yesterday during the session of the Cobb investigation committee that may result in a resort to arms. Mr. Cobb explained that while arguing the Noyes-Rockwell case he was exhausted by overwork on the matter and an attack of grip, and that he took a little beef tea and whisky but was far from drunk.

Mr. Watson also made a statement saying he had not intended to bring Judge Cobb into this matter personally. His charge was a general one, and intended to reflect upon the House for permitting such action. He still believed that Judge Cobb was intoxicated.

Then hot words were exchanged befween Mr. Watson and Mr. Boatner, each affirming that he would not avoid the other. Friends of Boatner and Watson fear a personal encounter may result from the quarrel. Both come from states where the code duello is recognized and both are fearless men and have records as coming out victorious in previous affairs of honor.

## Caught a Robber.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., August 3.—A masked highwayman attempted to stop Superintendent Jas. H. Kinkead, of the Occidental mine, yesterday afternoon. The robber was wounded and was afterward caught in the brush. Kinkead had $10,000 in gold to pay off the employes at the mine. He was in a buggy with another man driving, and carried a shotgun charged with buckshot.

The robber stepped from the bushes at a turn in the road near the mines and Kinkead gave him both barrels, hitting him in the right arm and shoulder. The robbor ran and Kinkead, pursuing, caught him after a half mile run and brought him to town in his buggy. The robber was identified as William Hurd, 24 years old, an employe of the Occidental mill.

## Death of ex-Judge Campbell.

CLARION, Pa., August 3.—Hon. James Campbell of this place, died at his residence this morning of neuralgia of the heart aged 78 years. He came to this place in 1840 and was the oldest member of the Clarion bar. He was president judge of the Eighteenth judicial district comprised of the counties of Clarion, Mercer, Venango, Jefferson and Forest, from 1861 to 1871, and was regarded as one of the ablest and most upright judges of his time. As a citizen he was a prominent and useful man and honored and respected by every one. During a long and busy life he accumulated a large amount of wealth. He leaves a widow and five children. His funeral will take place on next Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

## Oil Tanks on Fire.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 28.—Duing the thunder storm yesterday afternoon lightning struck tank No. 17 of the Southwest Penn pipe line company, six miles from Washington. The tank contained 27,000 barrels of oil, and when it burst the burning fluid spread to twenty tanks in the vicinity and soon were afire. The conflagration was still raging at 10 o'clock this morning, notwithstanding the efforts of 300 men, who have been fighting it since yesterday. The heat is so intense that trains cannot approach within an eighth of a mile of the scene, and passengers of the Washington branch of the Pan Handle railroad were unable to reach their destinations last night. The loss will be very heavy.

—The Government of Victoria, Australia, has begun the retaliation fight against the McKinley bill by increasing the import duty on Oregon cpine and canned fruit.

## NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Tho Oklahoma craze has broken out among Tennessee negroes, and they are flocking like sheep to the new territory.

—Mrs Lucy Jerrell, of Edinburg, Ind., is 89 years old. She has just finished a quilt which contains 5,698 pieces of cloth.

—Rubber heels for marching have been introduced by a French army surgeon. The infantry have tried them with good results.

—The New Hampshire Supreme Court has sustained the law under which Frank Almy was convicted of the murder of Christie Warden.

—The president has given the Wyoming land claim jumpers until Wednesday to move off. Troops will advance against those who remain after that date.

—The largest labor demonstration ever held at Niles, O., was that of Saturday for the benefit of the locked-out Homestead men. Over $2,000 was contributed.

—On Friday evening lightning struck the barn of Howard Kennedy, near Livermore, and it with all his crops was burned. The loss will reach $2,000, with a small insurance.

—The oldest capital in the United States is Santa Fe, which was the seat of government in New Mexico as far back as 1640, and yet its population is only 7,185, according to Porter's census.

—While Mrs. Joseph Grossman, of Lancaster, was in her neighbor's house the other day helping the latter to attend her dying baby, Mrs. Grossman's own child drank half the contents of a medicine bottle and expired some hours after.

—About three hundred men have been thrown out of work by the unexpected shut down of the Dunbar Furnace Company, at Dunbar, Fayette county, on Saturday. The furnaces will not be put in blast until the iron trade improves.

—Father John O'Reilly, pastor of the Catholic churches at Marietta and Elizabethtown dropped dead Tuesday afternoon at Marietta from apoplexy. He was 39 years old and one of the best known clergyman in Eastern Pennsylvania.

—A broken telephone wire fell upon a live electric light wire in Williamsport Saturday morning and two men and a horse stepped upon it and was knocked down and the men carelessly grabbed the wire and were soon tumbled in the mud.

—The costliest meal ever served as far as history shows was supper given by Aelius Verus, one of the most lavish of all Romans of the latter day, to a dozen guests. The cost of this supper was 6,000 sestertia, which would amount to £48,500, or nearly $250,000.

—The petition for the appointment of a tribunal to arbitrate the Homestead fight was not presented in court at Pittsburg on Monday on accouns of Judge Ewing's absence. The Carnegie Steel company will not sign the petition and cannot be forced, of course.

—Jesse Wilson went home at Connersville, Ind., on Sunday, and found his father abusing his mother. He picked up the first thing handy and struck him, fatally injuring him. Seeing the damage done Jesse borrowed $100 of his brother and has not been seen since.

—The rate of progression of a storm is often 50 miles an hour, and a series has often been traced in a direct line from North to South a distance of 400 miles. The average altitude of thunder storms has been found to be not over 500 feet above the surface of the earth.

—During a terrific thunder storm on Saturday the the Susez county Del., almshouse was struck by lightning and totally destroyed by fire. Four of the twenty-eight inmates perished in the flames, while many of the others were seriously injured. The loss to the buildings will amount to 4,000.

—Chairman Oates,, of the House committee which investigated the Homestead strike, has prepared a partial report which he intends to submit to the House. The report will probably not include the Pinkerton system because Mr. Powderly has promised to furnish more witnesses for the committee against the detective system.

—Arthur Long, returning to his home in the Pine Brook section of the city early Tuesday morning, was set upon and assaulted by Thomas Welsh and Anthony Kelly. He escaped from the men but they pursued, and overtaking him, stabbed him in the back, causing wounds from which he died in a few hours. Both assailants have been arrested.

—Shortly after noon to-day Judge Fordyke, driver of a delivery wagon, on Tuesday shot and instantly killed his wife at Saginaw Mich. Fordyke then ran into the woodshed and fired two bullets into his own head. He died shortly afterwards. He also made a futile attempt to kill his mother. The killing is attributed to jealousy.

—Daniel Repine, of Stangford, a driver at the Fedman quarry on the Bolivar branch, fell from a ladder on which he was standing, Thursday, and broke his thigh. He had gone to the top to drill a hole for a blast and while getting ready some loose earth above him came down, striking him on the breast and throwing him backward and down about twenty-five feet. He lit on a boulder, which caused the fracture.

—The chairman of the 100 Reading workingmen, who sent a petition to Governor Pattison saying that they were refused work in the new state insane asylum buildings at Wernersville, Berks county, and that preference was given to sixty-five Italians, received a letter from the governor stating that their petition had been referred to the state commissioners having the erection of the buildings in charge to give it their earliest consideration.

—The steamship Empress of Japan brings additional details of the volcanic eruption of Gunong Aroo, on Great Sanguir island, on June 7. The town of Toroana was buried by ashes, and the enormous cocoanut plantations covering the hills on each side of Toroana bay were destroyed. One captain, who was there with a ship at tne time, estimates that 10,000 lives were lost on the island, which presents a most dismal appearance. Relief has been forwarded to the survivors from neighboring islands.

—William Cassell and Solomon Richardson, two colored men employed in the stone quarries at Higland Park, Pittsburg, were struck by lightning on Friday and killed. As they fell the surrounding foliage was photographed on the breast of Cassell. The picture was true to nature. The browned oak leaf of autumn time was there. Twining among the foliage were a number of ferns. These too, with the exception that they, like the oak leaves, were brown, were as natural as their model. So exact were the leaves and ferns that even the minutest vein was noticeable.


*BALTZELLS'*

STROLLING around the store yesterday in search of news and perchance a spot less suggestive of the region "down below Avernees," the advertiser found at least one object of the search in news. Good news of pretty, useful, fresh arrivals and reduced prices. A bright and energetic young lady supplied the information that though the third installment of Blazer Suits had disappeared, another lot had been received and now only a limited number are left in navy blue storm serge suits, in sizes of 34, 36 and 38 inches, at $10.00 and one in Black twilled flannel, size 3-, $8.50. The demand for these dressy, stylish suits has been something remarkable and the last consignment will soon disappear. Among the new arrivals was noticed an assortment of Upholstery goods in new styles, Jutes, Rameys and Silk Tapestry, some very elegant and ranging in prices from 50c. to $3.50. In combinations of old gold, garnet, terra cotta, blues, tans, etc. Would be handsome in Portieres.

Only a few left of the yard square Chenille table covers, reduced from $1.98 and $2.25 to $1.75, and the ones who get them will secure a true "bargain." Only a few of those elegant Chenille Portieres in new shades and at reduced prices. The handsome flowered Poplines for draperies, in late shades, have also been reduced from 40 to 29c. a yard. A chance worth looking after. Returning from the upper regions there are many things in reduced goods and newcomers.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

never wants to learn, but the

WISE MAN

reads that

OLD HONESTY
CHEWING TOBACCO

is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you.
JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

JOHN PFISTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Hardware, Queensware,
MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLES IN SEASON,
HARNESS, ETC.,
OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,
CRESSON, PA.
ma92 20ly

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR

The success of Baugh's $25 Phosphate as an excellent crop producer and permanent improver of the soil, is easily accounted for It is made of the bones of animals, and with special regard to a general adaptability as a plant food."

Every particle of which bones are composed, is a direct food of vegetables. We render this food immediately available In the $25 PHOSPHATE

Which we claim to be a very special advantage, as it gives the crop an early start and sustains it until fully matured, besides permanently improving the soil.

MODENA, Pa., Jan. 1st, 1886.
"Having thoroughly tested BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE, side by side with other makes costing $30 and $40 per ton, I am satisfied that Baugh's is the best for first crop as well as permanent results. I had better wheat and cut more grass for two years where I used the $25 Phosphate. I will use no other kind and advise all farmers to buy Baugh's $25 Phosphate and see results for themselves on their own ground." JOHN FADDIS.

THE ORIGINAL Manufacturers of RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE
Combined capacity of our Works, 75,000 tons per year, and still increasing.

BAUGH & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Use Baugh's $25 PHOSPHATE
ACTIVE, PERMANENT, CHEAP
ANIMAL BONE MANURE

...m Engines.
...AUTOMATIC AND PLAIN SLIDE VALVE, Stationary, Portable and Traction. Cheapest and best for all purposes. Simple, strong and durable. No Farquhar boiler ever exploded. Saw Mills, Threshing Machines and Agricultural Implements and machinery generally. Send for illus'd catalogue A. B. Farquhar, York, Pa.

CARL RIVINIUS
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watches, In Key and Stem Winders.
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.
My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

Read the
Freeman.
$1.50 per Year.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL!

We can now show you a Complete Assortment of Spring Goods consisting of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Hats, Shirts, Trunks and Valises, and everything usually kept in a First-Class Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store.

OUR SPRING STOCK

have arrived and our stock is much larger and prices lower than ever before. We feel pleased with our new stock and would be glad to show it to you. Call and examine our stock and prices. We can and will save you money. Respectfully Yours,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General .·. Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.
Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

J. D. LUCAS & CO.,
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

In presenting this announcement we take great pride in calling attention to our present stock of goods. It will be our aim to sell nothing but the best of goods, and at the lowest possible cash price. We have received within the last few days several new things in Shoes and Gents' Furnishings, and have a large stock ordered, which will be coming in as fast the factories can make them.

Inviting you to call and see our goods and get prices, we are
Yours Respectfully,
J. D. LUCAS & CO.,
Opposite Cambria House. EBENSBURG, PENNA.

"QUINN'S,"
New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Colonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
Office in Opera House, Centre street.

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 5, 1892.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Editor Letts, of the Carrolltown *News*, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

—Miss Lizzie Schettig, of this place, paid a visit to friends in Altoona this week.

—Mr. James Lloyd, a former resident, of this place, was in town for a few days this week.

—Robert H. Thompson, of Philadelphia, was visiting friends in this place, during the present week.

—Editor Telford of the Pittsburg *Labor Tribune*, accompanied by his family is visiting in Ebensburg, this week.

—On Wednesday evening the safe in the store of John W. Sharbaugh, of Carrolltown, was robbed of about $250. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the robbery.

—Mrs. George Mullen, of Delaney, died at her home in that place on Sunday from consumption aged about twenty years. Her remains were interred in the Catholic church cemetery at Ashville, on Tuesday.

—On Friday afternoon of last week lightning struck the house occupied by Lewis Delahunt and Joseph Piper on the outskirts of Ebensburg, but with the exception of a few boards knocked off the gable end and some blastering loosened, the building was but slightly damaged.

—French peasants will keep a goose fresh a year by cutting the bird into joints, placing it in an earthen pot, and filling all the interstices with hog's lard. When they feel an appetite for goose they withdraw as much as they want from the pot, carefully filling the cavity with more lard.

—For several days in the earlier part of the week we were kept busy in getting our new press into our office and setting it up. It is now in working order but we have not as yet got to understand the "critter" as well as we expect to in the near future when we will get the FREEMAN out on time again.

—W. W. Harris, Esq., of Jackson township, died at his home in that township on Friday, July 29th, aged 76 years. The deceased was born in Williamsburg, Blair county. He settled in Jackson township in 1844, where he cleared out a farm and built a tannery and resided up until the time of his death.

—Viola, Mary and Maggie Satia, of Du Bois, were lodged in jail at Clearfield on Friday last, charged with the murder of James Murphy at Du Bois. The girls are of shady character, and this young man was one of a party of six who were following them on their way home and had been warned to turn back.

—An exchange says that an infallible preventative of lockjaw resulting from a wound in the foot or knee by a rusty nail, is to smoke the wound or any bruise that is inflamed, with burning wool or burning woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound, repeated two or three times, it will allay the worst cases of inflammation arising from a wound.

—On last Friday a 15-year-old daughter of William Himes, a farmer residing in Potter township, Clarion county, about a mile from New Bethlehem, had both her legs cut off and was otherwise injured by falling in front of the blades of a mowing machine which she was driving. It is not known how she came to fall from her seat as no one saw her, when the accident happened. It is thought she cannot live.

—One day last week the Pennsylvania railroad officials are reported to have been over the new Portage road from Hollidaysburg to Gallitzin, which would indicate that the company is thinking of opening up this route. The great wonder is that it was not done long ago, as the grade is much better around Kittanning Point, and there would be over ten miles saved in distance between Huntingdon and Gallitzin.

—On Friday of last week Mr. S. J. Luther, of White township, lost a valuable horse, its death being attributed to the animal's being bitten by a rattlesnake. On Sunday Mr. S. W. Byers, of Westover, Clearfield county, who was visiting Mr. Luther and who had his team turned out in one of Mr. Luther's fields, found one of his horses dead, the two horses having died on the same farm inside of forty-eight hours.

—On Wednesday of last week during a storm lightning struck the house of Benjamin Saxton, of Conemaugh, and his ten-year-old son Milton, who was sitting in the doorway was instantly killed. Mr. Saxton was sitting quite close to the boy with a baby in his arms and was severely shocked and the baby thrown to the mid-of the floor but not hurt. The house was set on fire but the flames were put out by the rain.

—The state Department has prepared and printed a large number of pamphlets containing a digest of the new ballot law of the state. It shows under separate heads the duties of the state officers interested in the holding of the elections, from Governor down to the election officers. The right and duties of voters is clearly explained. Every election officer in the state is entitled to one and should apply to the County Commissioners for it without delay.

—Mr. James Miller, flagman on an extra freight train, met with a singular accident on the Pennsylvania & Northwestern railroad on Saturday afternoon about 2 o'clock. While in the vicinity of Shaw's run, and while leaning over the train to examine the wheels, Mr. Miller was pulled off the car by an Italian, and he had his left foot smashed in quite a severe manner. His injuries necessitated medical treatment, and he was taken to Bellwood, where surgical assistance was rendered. He is now doing as well as could be expected.

—Isadore Flick, who is a blacksmith on Sixteenth street, was robbed of his pocket-book, containing considerable money and valuable papers, on the night of July 4, at Carrolltown. On Tuesday the pocketbook with the papers all it was returned to him, but the money was a minus quantity. The lost property was picked up in front of the church in Carrolltown and returned to Mr. Flick. The appearance of the wallet showed that it could not have been lying where it was found more than a few days at the most.—*Altoona Tribune.*

—Work is now being pushed rapidly on the Bolivar railroad extension, east of Cramer. Martin Imler, the foreman, has orders to put on several carts, and is hiring all the men who apply for work. McManus & Reilly have secured the contract for gradig for an aditional track between Bolivar and Lockport, along the main line. It will cross the river at Lockport and connect with the West Penn at Bolliver. The Pennsylania railroad people say they can build a bridge cheaper than they can do the grading between the above named places on the Indiana county side. *Indiana Gazette.*

—A pitiful tale was told to the department of charities by a man named Adam Wagner on Friday afternoon. Wagner, who was a man about 42 years of age, said during the Johnstown flood his wife and five children had been drowned. He could not bear to stay in the place, and gathering a little money, he and his sister set out for the West. They located in Dakota, four miles from Bismark, and he bought a farm, paying $400 for it. Here they lived until about a month ago when, during a storm the lightning killed his sister and burned his house down. He buried his sister and to get rid of his farm sold it for $40 and started back home. He became stranded in Pittsburg and applied for a ticket to Johnstown, where he owned a couple of lots and had some friends. He was given a ticket.—*Pittsburg Post.*

### A Man Lost.

John McCormick, of Blacklick township, on Saturday last left home for the purpose of visiting one of his neighbors, Mr. Robert Ferguson, who lives about a mile and a half from McCormick's home. In the evening Mr. McCormick left Mr. Ferguson's house and started home, two of Mr. Ferguson's children going part of the way with him. McCormick failed to reach home on Saturday night, but his absence was accounted for by the family thinking he had been prevailed upon to stay all night at Mr. Ferguson's.

On Sunday morning while at church it was learned that the old man had left Ferguson's on Saturday evening and parties immediately started in search of him. All day on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the search was kept up by parties from far and near but he could not be found. On Wednesday a hack load of people from Ebensburg went out and joined in the search, but when evening came and darkness compelled them to quit McCormick had not been found. He is a large man nearly eighty years of age and quite feeble and it is thought strange that he would not be found in the immediate neighborhood of where he was last seen.

Since the above was in type we learn that Mr. McCormick was found on Thursday morning about ten o'clock, by William H. Williams, of Ebensburg, about two miles north of Bethel, and about four miles from his (McCormick's) home. Mr. Williams was going for a load of lumber when he came upon the old man on the side of the road. He had lost his hat and one shoe and was unable to talk intelligibly. He was taken to the house of Mr. James White, where he was given food and nourishment and then taken home in a carriage. When he arrived home he did not recognize his wife and appeared to be in a dazed condition, being unable to give any account of his four days wanderings.

### Successful.

We honestly congratulate Messrs. Ludwig & Son for their success in business. These gentlemen require no introduction in this or surrounding counties, having been located amongst us so many, many years. Their record as men of good judgment, integrity and honesty is well established. Ther good judgment in keeping pace with the times is evidenced by their success in obtaining the agency of Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies, together with the leading Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies bottled by Max Klein, whose reputation for bottling only absolutely pure goods is firmly established. Men high in in their professions publicly and cheerfully endorse his Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies. His name on every bottle is a guarantee to the purchaser that the article is pure. A sworn guarantee of its purity from the distiller accompanies every bottle of Duquesne Rye. Silver Age is so favorably known that it is unnecessary to dwell here on its merits, suffice to say that it is the *leader of fine old rye whiskies.* Palatable, mellow and invigorating.

Messrs. J. Ludwig & Son not only recognized the good qualities of these brands, but the the constant and steady demand for them, and hastened to secure the exclusive agency in Blair and Cambria counties.

These excellent brands of whiskies now on sale to the trade generally by J. Ludwig & Son, wholesale agents, Johnstown, Pa.

### Charles Wharton Killed by Lightning

On last Friday afternoon Mr. Charles Wharton, a merchant, of Dysart, was engaged in delivering goods when he was overtaken by the storm. The horse was frightened by the thunder and lightning, and Mr. Wharton got out of the wagon to lead the animal. He had gone but a short distance when a bolt of lightning struck the horse, killing it instantly and hurling him to the ground. Parties who seen him fall hurried to his assistance and found him still living but unconscious. He was trken to his home, medical aid summoned and everything possible done for him but all without avail. He recovered consciousness but continued sinking, and on Saturday breathed his last. Mr. Wharton was about forty years of age and leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his sad death.

He was born in Clearfield township, and before taking up his residence in Dysart was engaged in merchandising in Chest Springs. He was a man of many good qualities and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

[Since the above was put in type we received a letter from Dysart giving a correct account of the death of Mr. Wharton, which will be found in another column.]

### Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 4, 1892:

James D. Knepple and Bertha A. Koontz, Stonycreek township.

Irvin C. Shoeberger and Rosa B. Baldwin, Johnstown.

Austin P. Weakland and Emma Hileman, Wilmore.

Chauncy F. Sipe and Eva E. Allison, Johnstown.

Francis O. Luther, Carroll township, and Mary E. Mulvehill, Pine township, Indiana county.

Valentine A. Stoltz, Carroll township, and Mary E. Woife, Blacklick township.

Andy Bolak and Mary Duitko, Johnstown.

John Walters, Jr., and Maria Goughnour-East Conemaugh.

Edward J. Doyle and Theresa McDonald, Portage.

Manfred William Burns and Anna Maria Litzinger, Bakers Mines.

Henry Stock, Franklin and Ella F. Sides, Jackson township.

### Let Us Advise You, Ladies.

We again feel called upon to do the female portion of our readers the favor of drawing their attention to the publications of Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 and 6 West 14th. street, New York. This firm imports and publishes the American edition of the Parisian fashion Journals, "La Mode de Paris, 35 cents; "Paris Album of Fashion," 35 cents; La Courturiere," 30 cents; and "La Mode," 15 cents. These books have been favorably commented upon by us in previous writings, but in consideration of the many improvements we have noticed we do not hesitate to speak of them as the first journal of their kind to be found on the bookstands. Their September numbers will contain all the latest fall styles at least a month earlier than any other fashion paper. The plates in McDowell's journals are not reproductions but are the work of French artists, done in Paris. Send for sample copy.

### Every Democrat

Is interested in the national ticket. To arm himself against the sophistries of the Republican party, every Democrat should read "Frauds and Falsehoods of the Republican Party," the latest, the largest and most authentic campaign document ever issued. It shows the fallacy of protection, the weakness of reciprocity, the financial mismanagement and wasteful expenditures of the Republican party. The comparison of the Mills and McKinley is an eye-opener to farmers, mechanics and laborers. Complete biographies of Cleveland and Stevenson, a report of the convention, the party platform and an exposition of Democratic principles. Nearly 600 pages. Price only $1.50. Special terms to Democratic clubs. Big pay to working agents. Canvassing book sent free for 10 cents. Address H. J. SMITH & CO., 263 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### Communication.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Pa., August 3, 1892.

*Editor Cambria Freeman:*

Mr. Chas. D. Wharton, a well-known and highly esteemed merchant of Dysart, was struck by lightning shortly before six o'clock on Friday evening July 29th, within one-half mile of his home. Mr. Wharton had gone to the mines to deliver goods, and while returning homeward his horse became frightened at the thunder and lightning. Mr. Wharton got out of the wagon and was leading the horse by the rein. While passing under a tree the lightning struck it, the current running out on one of the limbs that extended over the road and right over the horse, striking the animal in the mouth, killing him instantly. The current passed on to Mr. Wharton's arm, crossed his back and down his limbs, burning them and paralizing the members, except the left arm. The shoe on his right foot was torn from the top to the toe and was found five feet away. His other shoe was torn slightly near the sole. His watch was found some distance away still running, but the chain was broken. When he became conscious he could not conceive what had happened. On raising his head he observed his valuable horse lying dead close beside him, and he then realized that lightning had done its fatal work. He laid there alone for almost an hour in the greatest misery. Mr. Wisel, who lives a quarter of a mile away, hearing pitiful moans which he supposed came from some one in great agony, started out with his wife to find where the moans came from. It was then about half past six o'clock. They found him lying in the road with his head slanting down the hill, the water running around his body and the rain pouring down upon him. He asked to be raised up and remarked that he would have to die before astistance came. Mr. Wisel raised him tenderly in his arms and sent his wife down to the store for help. Quite a number of men went up and carried him to his home and medical aid hastily summoned. Drs. Byron, of Frugality, and Somerville, of Chest Springs, were there very shortly afterward and wrapped his badly burned body in cotton and did all that could be done for the poor man but it was of no avail, and at Saturday at 2:45 A. M., death claimed him. He was conscious to the last, and his loving wife and brother were present at his bedside when he expired. Rev. Father Rosensteel, of Ashville, gave him all the last rites of the Catholic church.

Mr. Wharton was born in Clearfield township on March 29th, 1847, on the farm now owned by his brother, Jas. A. Wharton, being in his 45th year at the time of his death. He was a son of Joseph and Catharine Wharton. His father was killed by kick of a horse when Charles was a boy six years of age. He was married to Miss Alice, only child of James E. and Mrs. —— Littlefield, of Portland, Maine, at one time residents of Chest Springs. He was the father of nine children, seven of whom survive him. The oldest is a boy fifteen years of age, and the youngest is three and one-half years old. The deceased is survived by his mother, Mrs. Thomas Wilt, of Clearfield township; his brother, James A. Wharton, of Clearfield township; and three sisters, Mary, the wife of Silas McGough, of Altoona, Pa.; Ella G., the wife of Albert Ivory, of Greensburg, Pa; Alice, wife of James McGough, of Clearfield township; also, three half-sisters, Jennie C., wife of John N. Woodburn, of Homestead, Pa., formerly of Altoona, and Misses Annie V. and Louie A. Wilt, who remain at home.

His funeral took place at Chest Springs on Monday morning after a Requium High Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Rosensteel, of Ashville, assisted by Rev. M. Ryan, of Gallitzin, and Rev. J. Ludden, of St. Augustine. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery adjoining the church.

The death of Mr. Wharton has cast a gloom of sorrow upon the community in which he resided, and the sympathy of his host of friends old and young has been extended to his family and near relatives in in their sad bereavement. To know him was to love him, and the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him is easily seen by the large concourse of neighbors and friends who attended his funeral. It was one of the largest ever held in this partof the country, the church being filled to its utmost capacity, while others had to remain on the outside.

Being loved and endeared by all those who had the pleasure of meeting him and doing business with him, he will be greatly missed, but especially by the people of Dysart, where his,his industry and integrity did much to advance the interests of that place. Being raised a devoted Catholic, a dutiful son, a model husband and father, he never forgot the teachings of his faith, and never hestitated to extend a chartitable hand and if necessary to go down in his pocket to assist his neighbor in time of distress.

He was an ardent worker in assisting Father Ryan in building the beautiful Catholic church at Chest Springs. He was the first to be interred in the new cemetery in that place. And as it was the will of God to remove him from those who were near and dear to him, may his soul rest in peace. M.

### Killed by Powder.

On Thursday morning about half past 10 o'clock, three boys from Loretto, —— Conrad, aged about 14, son of Augustin Conrad; Joe McGillan, son of Michael McGillan, aged about 15, and William Litzinger, son of Eugene Litzinger, aged about 15, were out at the old powder house on the Cresson & Clearfield railroad near where the Ebensburg and Loretto road crosses. How much powder was stored in the building we failed to learn, but one of the boys lit a match and threw it in when a frightful explosion followed which could be heard for several miles. Young Conrad was instantly killed and his body, when recovered from the ruins, was found to be shockingly burned. McGillan is also badly burned about the face and body but was able to tear off his clothing and run to McMullen's, the nearest farm house. There is a possibility that he may recover although he is very badly burned. Young Litzinger escaped unhurt and immediately ran to Loretto and told of the accident. A crowd of people hurried to the scene of the explosion where they found the ruins of the powder house on fire and succeeded in recovering the body of young Conrad from the flames. The sad accident has cast a gloom over the community and the parents of the dead and injured boys have the sympathy of the people in their sudden misfortune.

—Mr. A. T. Pindle has left at the FREEMAN office a very rich specimen of native lead ore claimed to have been discovered on what was known formerly as the Rex lands in Blacklick township. Mr. Pindle some years ago had pointed out to him by one of the oldest natives the locality in which this deposit of lead is supposed to abound. There is a tradition that the Indians in old times used to obtain their supplies of lead from a certain point situate in the valley of the Blacklick. Should this be a fact and should lead be found to exist in the quality indicated by the sample referred to, it would assuredly enhance the value of property in which it abounded, in addition to other mineral deposits.

WHITE.—Died at the home of his parents in Barr township, on Friday July 29th 1892 Augustin White, son of Christopher White aged 5 years.

Gone to join the angel band
Up in the heavenly home.
Forever more to kneel and stand
By God's eternal throne. x.


### Miscellaneous Notices.

EBENSBURG MARBLE AND GRANITE Works, as sketched by a special reporter of the Johnstown *Daily Herald.*—Reliable dealers and fine goods.

"During a recent flying trip to Ebensburg the writer of this article visited the Marble and Granite Works of Jas. Wilkinson & Son, which were founded in 1880. The senior member of this progressive firm has had an experience of thirty-five years, and his son and partner is also a skilled worker. The class of work they produce is of the highest class and style. From four to five hands are employed and the very finest monuments in the county seat are specimens of their skill. Shipments are made through this and to adjoining counties.

"All kinds of cemetery work is executed and a fine line of Iron Railing is handled and sold. The stock of work kept on hand (received by the car-load) is very extensive and many very fine monuments are exhibited, two especially being executed in the rustic style and in imitation of brickwork, with a finely executed cross on the top. Among the many fine monuments erected by this firm is an e'abt ten Fifteen-feet-high monument for Sheriff Griffith, monument for Father Christy (sixteen feet high), also monuments for Jacob Kibler and daughter of John Griffith. Both gentlemen give personal attention to business as well as executing the finest work. In all the time they have been in business they have adhered strictly to the maxim all goods just as represented and prices as low as the same class of work can be bought elsewhere. We have no hesitancy in recommending Messrs. Wilkinson & Son to our readers as reliable business men, progressive and trustworthy. Visit their establishment before ordering elsewhere."

☞Special attention paid to setting work.

FOR SALE.
Farm in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa. For particulars call on or address
June 17.3m. MRS. ELLEN O'DONNELL, Cresson, Pa.

A CAR LOAD of Barb Wire cheap at Dulton & Son's.

## B. & B.

Sale of about 10,000 yards 32 inch

### Zephyr Dress Ginghams.

Gray and white, black and white, pink and white and blue and white, large stylish broken plaids.

10 : CENTS.

A yard. You save one-third the price on these ginghams. The value and regular price to day is 15 cents.

Our entire stock of this season's styles Anderson Ginghams,

25 : CENTS.

40 cent quality.

And to make yokes and flounces for your ginghams, challies and India Silks, we have a sale of 5,000 yards

POINTE D'IRLANDE LACES,

In cream and ecru, ranging from 5 to 16 inches in width, all at one price,

25 : CENTS.

They are 50c., 75c. and $100 laces. 32 pieces plain.

Black - Japanese - Silks,

Extra one and lustrous, 34 inches wide, almost a yard, for ladies waists and summer gowns,

85 : CENTS.

Heretofore sold at $1.25.

487 dozens Ladies' Hand Embroidered, with scallsped edges, JAP SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, black or white, embroidered in white or colors, 15c., 20c., and 25c. Regular prices are just double.

BELTS

1,000 Silk Belts, 2 inches wide, white or black, 25 cents.

1,000 Solid Leather Laced Bodice Belts, 25 cents.

Write us and find out just how much its to your interest to send us your LETTER ORDERS.

## BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

## Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

## Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

## LILLY BANKING : CO.,

LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.,
feb5'90. Lilly, Penna.


AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

S. E. Burns, vs. Sandy Run Coal and Land Co., Limited. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co. No. 14, March term, 1892.

And now to wit, the 8th day of June, 1892, on motion of Alvin Evans, Esq., counsel for Sheriff Shumaker, T. W. Dick appointed auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant company's personal property to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same

From the Record.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg for the purpose of above appointment on TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place all parties interested may attend, otherwise be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK, Auditor.

July 29, 1892.


## To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address H. A. ENGLEHART, Ebensburg, Pa.
Aug. 5, 1892.

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
☞Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-'89

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sale. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 849 Broadway, N. Y.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

# SIMON'S!

## UP WITH THE SALES!
## DOWN WITH THE PRICES!

No let up to the Great Bargain Sale this week of Dress Goods, Carpets, Shoes, Oxfords, and Clothing. **GO THEY MUST!**

This week we will sell a big lot of new Challies at 3 and 4cts. a yard. New wash dress goods, worth 10c., at 8c. a yard. New 30-inch dress goods at 15c. Dress ginghams at 8, 10 and 12c. Good calico at 5c. Linen toweling, 5c. Red table linen at 21c. Curtain scrim, 7½c. Men's gray-mixed Hose at 5c. a pair

## Carpets! : Carpets!

### at Lowest Possible Prices!

Is our watchword. We can suit you in prices, can please you in quality, and if you want to buy carpets this month come to us, as you will find our prices the lowest of any house in this county. 1-yard wide carpet as low as 15 cents a yard. Cotton ingrain at 30c.; best heavy ingrain at 45, 50 and 60c.; Brussels at 65, 70, 75, 85c. and $1.00; Rag at 30, 38, 45 and 50c.; Stair at 20, 22, 25 and 38c.; Straw Matting at 17, 19 and 25c.; Window Shades, 6 feet long, on spring rollers, at 25, 30, 35 and 45c. each,

## SHOES! SHOES!

Infants' button shoes, 1 to 5, 22c. a pair; Children's spring heel, button or lace, 5 to 8, 50c.; Children's spring heel shoes, from 9 to 11, 75c.; Misses high cut spring heel button, 11 to 2, $1.25 and $1.48; Ladies' Oxford Ties, patent leather tips, at 75c.; Ladies' Oxford Ties, patent leather tips, $1.98; Ladies' cloth-top Oxfords, with tips, at $1.23, Ladies, try our new button shoes at $1.23, $1.48 and $1.75. Also our new cloth-to spring heel shoe at $2.48. Gentlemen, try our new solid leather shoes at $1.24 and $1.50; Kangaroo, Lace and Congress at $2.25 and $3.48 Boys' lace shoes, 11 to 2, 90c.; 2 to 5, at 1.23.

## Try Our Clothing!

For the next ten days we will give you your pick of two hundred men's suits worth $12.00 and $13.50, at

## TEN DOLLARS!

This week we will sell a big lot of Children's and boys' suits at a **TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. REDUCTION!** Purchasers to the amount of $10.00 or over will have their fare paid by us. So come right along and do not allow this item of expense to prevent you from taking advantage of our Geat Bargain Sale. SIMON & CO., Gallitzin, Pa.


RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1 OF THE Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after November 15th 1891.

| NORTH. | STATIONS. | SOUTH. |
|---|---|---|
| Irvona Exp†.. | 6 00 | |
| Church Train | 8 52 | |
| Fast Line* | 6 | |
| Mail*.. | 1 | |
| | Cresson | |
| | Wilmore Jct. | |
| | Dowell | |
| | Summit | |
| | Mineral Point | |
| | Gallitzin | |
| | Tunnel | |
| | Portage | |
| | Wilmore | |
| | Frugality | |
| | Chest Springs | |
| | Carrolltown | |
| | Loretto | |
| | Cresson Jct. | |
| | Irvona | |
| Dist.... | | |
| Pacific Exp*.. | 1 | |
| Mail*.. | 5 | |
| Church Train† | 61 | |
| Cresson Exp†.. | 65 | |

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Christie's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.
No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8.27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8.45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9.23 for points east of Cresson.
No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4.26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.
From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9.23, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8.27, and Pacific Express at 8.45.
No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4.26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 5.17 from points west of Cresson.
Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express and Mail Train west and mail Express east.
Passengers to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at Coal port or Irvona.
Stations marked "f" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off will notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will flag the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified.
W. P. RATHBUN, General Manager and Superintendent.
F. J. BURROUGH, Train Master.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE EBENSburg & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect December 20, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

| WEST. | | EAST. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oyster Exp..... | 2 55 a m | Harrisburg Ac. | 9 23 a m |
| Western Exp... | 4 45 a m | Seashore Exp... | 6 30 a m |
| Johnstown Exp. | 8 24 a m | Mail..... | 9 38 a m |
| Pacific Exp... | 8 45 a m | Day Exp..... | 11 04 a m |
| Mail..... | 4 26 p m | Altoona Exp.... | 1 00 p m |
| Way Pass..... | 2 36 p m | Mail Exp..... | 5 17 p m |
| | | Phila Exp..... | 8 12 p m |

SOUTHWARD.

| | Distance. | No. 1. A M | No. 2. A M | No. 3. P M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ebensburg..... | | 7 40 | 10 25 | 2 32 |
| Bradley..... | 2 0 | 7 50 | 10 31 | 2 44 |
| Kaylor..... | 4 8 | 7 56 | 10 35 | 2 50 |
| Noel..... | 6 1 | 8 01 | 10 38 | 2 55 |
| Munster..... | 7 5 | 8 06 | 10 41 | 3 00 |
| Lucket..... | 9 6 | 8 13 | 10 45 | 3 08 |
| Cresson..... | 11 3 | 8 20 | 10 50 | 3 15 |

NORTHWARD.

| | Distance. | No. 1. A M | No. 2. A M | No. 3. P M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cresson..... | | 9 30 | 11 10 | 5 20 |
| Lucket..... | 1 7 | 9 35 | 11 20 | 5 30 |
| Munster..... | 3 8 | 9 40 | 11 29 | 5 37 |
| Noel..... | 5 3 | 9 44 | 11 35 | 5 43 |
| Kaylor..... | 6 5 | 9 47 | 11 41 | 5 48 |
| Bradley..... | 8 3 | 9 52 | 11 47 | 5 57 |
| Ebensburg..... | 11 3 | 10 10 | 12 01 | 6 10 |

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations. No trains on Sunday.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
I have been appointed by the Hon. Secretary of the Interior PENSION AND CLAIM AGENT. I have TWELVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE. All claims entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Any soldiers drawing less than $6 per month pension can have it increased to $6, $8, $10 and $12 per month according to disability, under the act of June 27, 1890.
Please give an old wounded comrade your patronage. Office with Wm. H. Seechler, Attorney at Law, Reade's Row, Centre street, Ebensburg, Pa. J. C. BURNS, Pension Attorney.
Late Major 11th Regt., Penna. Reserves.
May 20, 1892.3m

NOTICE is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on **Monday, the 8th day of August**, unless cause be shown to the contrary:
First and final account of F. J. O'Connor, assignee of Chas. F. Beckley et ux.
JAS. C. DARBY, Prothonotary.
July 15, 1892.


1892.

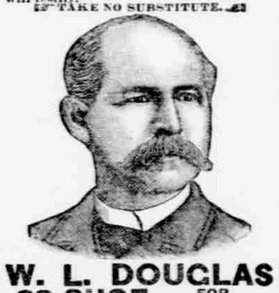
## EBENSBURG .:. FOUNDRY

Will Have For Sale This Year:

Plows, Spring Tooth Harrows, Cultivators, Mowing Machines, Reapers, Rakes, Sections for all Machines, Hay Forks, Hay Carriers, Threshers, Sled Soles,
Plow Points, Landsides, Plow Handles, Plow Beams, Plow Bolts, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Heating Stoves, Furnaces, Grates of all kinds,
Cellar Windows, Sash Weights, Chimney Tops, Iron Pumps, Bone Dust, Wagons, Road Carts, Buck-Boards, Buggies, Sleds,
Phosphate, Cement, Building Paper, Steel Roofing, Steel Siding, Steel Lining, Sugar Kettles, Road Scoops, Grain Drills with Corn Planter Attachment

H. A. SHOEMAKER.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.
☞TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.☜



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.
A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip,* fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6.
$4 and $5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal the imported shoes costing from $5 to $7.
$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.
$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.
Boys' $2.00 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at the prices.
Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3.00 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $5.00 to $6.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.
Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe; look for it when you buy. Because of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them, such substitution is fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretenses.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

C. T. ROBERTS,
Agent, EBENSBURG, PA.
no27.5m

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE 'ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1892.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent
*EBENSBURG, PA.*

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.
ESTABLISHED 1872.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
Carrolltown Bank,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS
Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS
Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS
Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS
Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.
Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.
Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,
Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Riding Bridles, from.....50c. up.
Team Bridles, from.....$1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from.....40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from.....$6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from.....$16.00 up.
☞Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.
☞Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr12'92f

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

PILES "AXAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "AXAKESIS," Box 2416, N. York City.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞Office on Centre street, near High.

## ANIMAL EXTERMINATION.

### Beasts, Birds and Fish Sacrificed to Commerce.

**The Advance of Civilization Gradually Wiping Food Creatures Out of Existence—Some Startling Revelations on the Subject.**

The destruction among the wild animals, birds and fish which has taken place during the last fifty years could not be better illustrated than it is in the report just issued by Frederick Lucas, of the Smithsonian institution, on the animals recently extinct, or threatened with extermination, represented in the National museum of the United States. This most interesting paper was suggested by the recent efforts made by American naturalists to secure for their museums specimens of animals, formerly quite common, which were passing unnoticed out of existence, and of which in some cases it was found that no living example could be obtained. This led to a national stocktaking of the contents of the principal museums, and incidentally to a review of the process of destruction as it is now going on.

Some of the instances given seem almost incredible. Cod, perhaps the most prolific fish used as a food, were so completely destroyed on a part of the New England coast that when the waters were restocked with the produce of one hundred and thirty million eggs the fishermen of Plymouth, in Massachusetts, sent specimens of the "new fish" to Gloucester to inquire what they were. The work of the fishery commission has already gone far to repair the waste and destruction of the New England fishermen, though a strenuous resistance has always been offered to their efforts to open the passage for shad, and salmon to the spawning grounds. But the lobster "canneries" have so far depleted the apparently inexhaustible stock that the waters adjacent to the works are cleared of all but those of the smallest size; and even the great oyster grounds of Chesapeake bay are showing signs of exhaustion, while halibut are growing scarcer yearly. If the teeming reproductive power of the shad, the cod and the oyster is unable to replace the havoc made among them, it may safely be inferred that the birds and beasts fare even worse in the unequal struggle for survival.

It is a characteristic example of the bias of the "supreme Caucasian mind" in its dealings with new animals that when Columbus' sailors were sent to the top of the islet of the Alta Vela, in the West Indian archipelago, to look for the missing ships, when engaged in the search for the mythical province of Cipango, they at once marked their joy at finding "eight sea wolves" by knocking them all on the head. These "sea wolves" were the West Indian seal, formerly common all over the archipelago and off the coast of Florida and the gulf of Mexico, but now scarcely to be found the on mainland coast at all. It recently occurred to certain persons interested in natural history that nothing has been heard lately of the California walrus, a huge and harmless beast which was recently quite common on the coast of Lower California. It could hardly be supposed that herds of creatures from fourteen to sixteen feet long, and of equal or greater girth, could disappear from the coast without being missed, but such appears to have been the case. Inland "skin hunters" are destroying every animal which has a hide worth selling as fast as they killed off the bison. The price hardly makes a difference. Fifty cents per skin has almost exterminated the peccaries, the fierce little pigs which were once so common in some of the counties of Texas that the ground was covered by their tracks and the air full of their musky odor. Black-tailed deer and antelope fare no better, and from all accounts the destruction of game in British Columbia is no less rapid than across the border.

**The Trout Fly.**

No doubt the fairest and most elegant method of catching salmon, in low, clear water, is with the trout fly, says a London sportsman. There is a controversy, which should have been decided long ago, as to whether salmon feed in rivers. No food, as a rule, is found in their stomaches, but they undoubtedly feed. Even if they rush at flies from curiosity it cannot explain their taking worms. Moreover, a fish has been seen to rise in a tranquil loch, at a large, yellow butterfly, and on the Tweed a salmon was observed to swallow a bee baited on a hook. On the Dee, a salmon may be noticed taking March browns, as trout do, and they are caught, both there and on the Tweed, with rather large, artificial March browns. This settles the question as to their feeding in fresh water. But with a high, steady glass, with cloudless skies and low, silver streams, it is a weary thing to wait for their capricious appetites, and many a fisher is flying from rivers that are becoming as dusty as turnpike roads. Where is the old "Aprile with his schouris swete," as Chaucer wrote it.

## LEARN TO TAKE IT EASY.

**Too Much Worry and Business Not Good for a Man.**

"It does seem strange to me," said ex-Congressman West to a New York Herald reporter the other day, "why some business men cling closely to business all their lifetime. You laugh? Well, business is business, of course, and Ben Franklin knew what he was talking about when he said something about saving a penny every time you get a chance. But what I mean to say is that a business man needn't be everlastingly drudging away simply because he is making lots of money. He should take a holiday, and at times a jolly long one."

Mr. West stroked his big white beard and looked up at the ceiling as if trying to count the roses in the frescoed wreaths above the chandelier, and then went on:

"Rich men in business, no matter whether they began business when they were poor as church mice or whether they had piles of money before they got out of their teens, are becoming sensible nowadays. I can count on my fingers' ends dozens of men who, twenty-five years ago, never took a week off in summer time even, who were rich as Cresus years and years before that, and yet who went to their offices as early as they had to do when they were clerking it; and they kept it up till they toppled into their graves. Why, I knew some New York business men twenty-five years ago who had never taken an ocean bath because they had never seen the ocean beyond the Battery. I know a thing or two about Saratoga, and, would you believe it, last summer I had as pleasant a day as I ever spent in my life at Ballston with a merchant in this city who had gone out of town for a week for the first time during the sixty years of his active business life? Yet that man had always made his clerks go away for a week every summer, with a week's salary paid in advance.

"Business men don't feel old nowadays because their hair is gray. They don't leave up for the 'boys' by depriving themselves of needed recreation. They take their share of jollities of life, too; and by jollities I don't mean jags. And though they don't work as many hours a day as their fathers did they manage to accomplish much more."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

a woman's remedy for woman's diseases, has stood the test of many years, and is to-day the only successful and harmless cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and

Diseases of Women,

organic diseases of the uterus or womb, inflammation, ovarian troubles, falling or displacement of the womb, faintness, nervous prostration, weak back, aches, etc.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address as ruled above.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

*New Bedford, June 1, 1889.*

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

*Maseru, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 1, 1885.*

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

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## HORSE CAR ETIQUETTE.

**Various Modes of Illustrating How to Behave Properly—Common Blunders.**

The young man who has drilled himself and been drilled by his dancing school teacher in the proper ways of entering and leaving a room when accompanied by a young lady frequently gets very much mixed up when he begins going about on horse cars with a young woman. Perhaps he has been the fortunate possessor of a mother or sister who had accompanied him often enough to give him points upon horse car etiquette. If he has not, the New York Recorder thinks he is more than likely to make some dreadful blunders. He usually gets the girl on the car all right. Sometimes, when the car is crowded, he is bold enough to politely request several wide-spreading passengers to move closer together and "make a seat" for his companion. But the unsophisticated youth seldom ventures so far.

If there are plenty of seats he is all right, however, although not once in fifty times does he think to seat himself on the side of his companion that is near the horses, so that in talking to him she will not have to turn her back toward them—a position that is disagreeable to many women. Then when he pays the fare he does not always have the change at hand, but he usually has to unbutton his overcoat and descend to the depth of his trousers pocket to find the needed coin. Meanwhile, the girl, if she is young, looks the other way and tries to appear unconscious. If she is an older woman she does not care. By and by the car fills up and some one is obliged to stand. The well-trained young man has the knack of rising at just the right moment, lifting his hat at precisely the correct angle and yielding his seat with a manner that certainly ought to call forth an expression of thanks—though it doesn't always.

The untrained young man, on the other hand, sometimes keeps his seat because he does not know how to give it up, or perhaps he cherishes the boor's belief that it is not worth while to stand for the sake of a woman when it's an even chance whether or not she thanks him. Even if he rises, it is in a weary, perfunctory fashion. He nudges the woman to attract her attention, does not lift his hat to her words of acknowledgment or to the salute of the man who accompanies her any more than he would uncover his head in response to the courtesy of a stranger who gave a seat to his companion. He probably does not mean to be rude, but he either knows no better or does not care to take the trouble to be civil.

There are several different ways in which a man signifies his desire to leave a horse car. Sometimes he makes a wild rush for the door, stumbling over the feet and skirts of the hapless and helpless passengers and waits on the platform, holding the door open until the car comes to a standstill so that the woman with him may descend safely. Again he signals the conductor from his seat and when the car stops stands aside to let his companion make her way out and get off unassisted. It is a boon for which she thanks the gods when he notifies the conductor at the right moment, times his exit so as to reach the platform just as the car stops and gets to the ground in shape to aid her in her descent.

## A TERRIBLE EXPLOSIVE.

**Chloride of Nitrogen So Dangerous That It Has Not Been Analyzed.**

The most unstable compound known to chemistry, and therefore the most explosive substance so far discovered, is chloride of nitrogen, which probably consists of three parts of chloride united with one of nitrogen. Its terribly explosive character, which has so far prevented its accurate analysis, is due to the fact that it is a combination of one of the most active with one of the most inert elements in nature. It is a volatile liquid of brownish color and pungent taste, discovered by the French chemist, Dulong, who lost an eye and three fingers in the operation. Faraday and Davy experimented on it a few years after its discovery, protecting themselves with glass masks, which were in turn shattered by explosions of minute quantities of the dangerous compound. Faraday was stunned by the disintegration of a few drops which he merely touched with a piece of warm cement. There is but little danger of chloride of nitrogen ever being used for purposes of deliberate destruction, as its preparation on a large scale is practically impossible. Its explosive force is not known, for the reason, according to Pearson's Weekly, that any attempt to determine it would probably prove fatal to the experimenters. According to some authorities, the more recently discovered compound of hydrogen and nitrogen, known as azoimide, is even more explosive than chloride of nitrogen, but this substance is still too obscure for a decisive judgment to be formed on the subject.

## HEAD OF A LARGE FAMILY.

**She Had Two Thousand Descendants and Saw Her Sixth Generation.**

Mrs. Annie Roush has died at Letart, a few miles from Parkersburg, W. Va., aged nearly 106 years. It is thought, says the Washington Star, that she was the head of the largest family in the world and the only woman in this country who lived to see her sixth generation. Mrs. Roush was born at Morgantown, Pa., June 4, 1784, when Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson were planning the constitution. Her father was David Sayre. In 1801 Mr. Sayre started west and settled above Pomeroy, on the Virginia side. Here he resided several years, finally moving up the river and crossing to where Letart now stands. In 1802 Annie married Henry Roush and was the mother of thirteen children. The first child, Sarah, married Thomas Coleman and became the mother of twelve children. The next, Elizabeth, married Henry Wolf and had sixteen children. The third, Lydia, married a Mr. McClain, and after his death married John Wagoner. It is through her children that Mrs. Roush could trace her descent to the sixth generation. The fourth child, Annie, had an even dozen of children. The next four children were girls, and their progeny numbered forty-eight. The ninth died when he was young. The next two were girls and had twenty-one children. The last two children were boys and have seventeen children around their boards. The second daughter of Lydia Wagoner, who was Mrs. Roush's third child, married a Mr. Hazlett. Their eldest son, David, is the father of six children, and his eldest daughter's (Mary's) child, Nannie, aged about 5 years, has the unique distinction of living at the same time as her great-great-great-grandmother. Mrs. Roush's grandchildren numbered 135, and the total number of her great-grandchildren is not less than 500. The number of her descendants is over 2,000, although the exact number cannot be ascertained.

**The Bore Bell.**

A "bore bell" is the latest necessity of busy men and women. It is an invisible bell, arranged on the floor near the victim of a too talkative caller. When the guest has talked enough the host or hostess quietly puts a foot on the secret spot in the floor and the servant appears at the door with a telegram or important message which must be attended to at once. The caller naturally bows himself out and the victim is saved.


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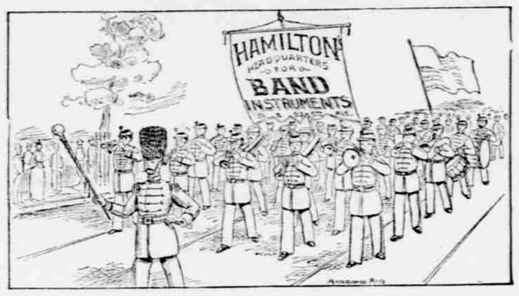


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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. Too majority neglect their opportunities, and from various causes live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embraces his chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise, that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of talented people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The golden opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you progress. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and see for yourself. Every return mail. Useless to delay. Address at once: H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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## GAMBLING IN KENTUCKY.

**Young and Old Have Plenty of Money and Love to Risk It.**

"I visited a number of the country fairs in the blue grass region of Kentucky last year," said a prominent New York lawyer to a reporter for the Evening News, "and I was very much surprised at the liberal use of money.

"Way out there one hundred miles from Louisville and one hundred and twenty-five miles from Cincinnati could be found handsomely dressed young men and old men, who showed that they had never been accustomed to hard work, flourishing their bills like so much paper. They were not city chaps, but country born and bred. I could not understand it. There are no manufacturing interests there to speak of, no mining, nothing but agriculture, a pursuit which requires the hardest of manual labor; yet these men sported as soft palms as the highest bred city folk. Further than that, they had plenty of money and used it liberally.

"I failed to find a solution to my problem until one day my host took me behind his house, pointed to large fields of green leaves and said: 'Do you see that?' I answered in the affirmative and he said: 'That is tobacco. I will get from eighteen hundred to two thousand pounds per acre off that field and sell it for from twelve and one-half to sixteen cents per pound. I did not work very hard for it either. The principal trouble I have is to see that the negroes do the work, and I attend to the gathering and selling the crop.'

"The problem was solved. Where the northern farmer by hard labor got twenty-five or thirty dollars the Kentucky landlord, by the aid of his negro help, made from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars, says the Chicago News.

"But that which surprised me the most was the amount of gambling that is permitted. Why, sir, I have seen men at those county fairs shake money in each other's faces in the presence of hundreds, offer their bets and take the stakes. You could hardly step up to a tent on the grounds but that you would find some kind of a gambling scheme. And it was not what we call the sports who took part, but the very best citizens of the country.

"That section of Kentucky is very productive. It comprises the country in the neighborhood of Lexington, Shelbyville, Paris, Frankfort and Mount Sterling. It is no doubt a garden spot, and it is little wonder that the people do not work hard. All they have to do is to take care of what is around them."

## HE HAD BEEN THERE.

**How an Expert Quickly Opened a "Burglar-Proof" Combination Lock.**

"Do you see that tall, spare man leaning against the rail over there?" said James Vance, steward of the Athenian club, to a San Francisco Examiner reporter. "Well, I'll tell you a little yarn in which he played an amusing part. Some years ago Harquette & Haggeman of the Crystal Palace saloon got a big safe, all gorgeous with paint and glorious with impossible landscapes. Ernest Harquette was very proud of it, and in his bustling, eager way would show it to all the patrons of the place, expatiating upon its merits.

"One evening he was engaged in showing a party of gentlemen the wonders of the safe and ran on: 'No burglar could ever get into that. I tell you, He couldn't open it in a week. It's the safest safe in this town for money.'

"'Oh, I don't know about that,' said that tall man, who was then leaning on the bar just as he is now leaning on the rail. 'I don't think it so safe.'

"This startled Harquette a little. No one had ever questioned that safe before in that offhand way. He flushed a little while the stranger regarded him nonchalantly. Harquette felt nettled and at last blurted out:

"'I'll put five hundred dollars in that safe and if you can get it out in six hours you can have it. Axes, jimmies and all tools are allowed, but dynamite barred.'

"'I'll go you,' said our tall friend. 'We'll make it half an hour and no tools, however.'

"Harquette promptly dumped five hundred dollars into a bag, put the bag into the safe and turned the combination. 'There you are,' he said, defiantly.

"The tall man got down on his knees, put an ear against the safe where the tumblers work and began turning the knob of the combination. He didn't say a word but steadily clicked away. Harquette began to sweat and step around.

"In twenty-three minutes the safe was open. Our friend over there took the bag of money, handed it to the dumbfounded Harquette, and said, cynically: 'I don't want your money. They salted me for a little job like that once. My name is Ensign.'"

## CHINESE DRUMMERS.

**Almond-Eyed Californis Merchants Doing Without High-Priced White Labor.**

The Chinese have discovered another way of competing with white men. For years the merchants in Chinatown, particularly those manufacturing cigars and clothing, have employed white men at large salaries to drum up interior trade. The merchant, realizing the strong feeling against his countrymen, knew that it would be hard for him to do business personally with white merchants. Many of the interior merchants, while they were ready to patronize the Chinese firms, did not like the fact known, and when a Chinaman dressed in his national costume called upon him he was inclined to avoid being seen with him. With the white drummer, however, the San Francisco Call says, it was different. The latter could register at any of the hotels, and, after selling a man a bill of goods, could invite the customer to drink or take dinner with him, an invitation none would accept from a Chinaman.

A few months ago, however, the Chinese merchants began to discharge their high-salaried white drummers and travel on the road themselves, or filled the vacancies with their own countrymen. Little Pete, of jury bribery fame, who is a heavy producer in Chinatown, was one of the first to inaugurate the new custom. He fitted a Chinese employe out in American clothes, furnished him with a well fitted wig and sent him out on the road. The venture was a success, and Little Pete soon found his business progressing as well as when he employed the white drummer.

In his American dress the general appearance of the Chinaman, which is so objectionable to the whites, was almost hidden. In this attire, and with no queue visible, the interior hotel keeper made no objection to him, and he was therefore allowed to extend the same business courtesies to the white customers as the white drummers.

Other Chinese firms soon adopted the new custom and now there are nearly fifty disguised Chinamen, traveling up and down this state as drummers. The presence of numerous Chinamen wearing wigs and American clothes has been noticed lately in this city, but few could explain a reason for it.

**A Polite Boarder.**

Landlady—Have some of this butter, Mr. Bordaine?

Mr. B.—No, thank you.

Landlady—Ah, you don't love butter?

Mr. B.—Well, I cannot say that I love that butter; but, my dear madam, I assure you that its age commands my sincerest respect.—Washington Star.


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## THE KILLER WHALE.

### A Blood-Thirsty Monster of the North Sea.

**Submarine Butchers Who Devour Members of Their Own Families and Regard a Man as a Tooth-some Morsel.**

The shark of the lower latitudes is still often honored with such names as the "sea tiger" or the "tiger of the ocean." The Spitzbergen fisherman would find a more appropriate name for the latter epithet. Seals, porpoises and even white whales have been known to spring out of the water and run ashore to avoid the attacks of a species which, in proportion to its size, is certainly the most voracious of all known beasts of prey. It is the orca, or killer whale, (or a gladiator), a species of the delphinidæ, but a species of great strength to the southern porpoise, which it is to a seal. The orca reaches a length of twenty-five feet, and its jaws are bristling with teeth from four to six inches long and as sharp as a surgeon's knife. Single specimens have been killed of thirty (Capt. Ross says ninety) feet, and fully able to devour a whale with a few quick snaps.

Its digestive power, says the Chicago Herald, is proportioned to its tremendous efficacy of its jaws. Prof. Eschricht examined a specimen that had been killed in shallow water, and found in its stomach thirteen porpoises, each about fifteen seals, and the "afterpiece" of a polar bear. The latter, however, seemed to have given the orca a great deal of trouble in the attempt to swallow it, and probably since its gullet proved to be completely filled by an intertwisted mass of seal and bear. Capt. Wicks describes the battle which took place between a Baleen whale and a school of orcas that jerked the big monster about as a pack of dogs would worry a wounded sow. They flew at its flanks and bit great big pieces out of its lips, and finally hauled it under, while a surge of blood stained foam bespoke the enormous agonies of the submarine butchery.

"These demons will pursue the largest relatives and progeny of the ravening hounds," says Dr. James Scoresby, who founds his study of the whale largely on years of personal observation. "In one instance they assaulted a California gray whale and her young. The orcas killed the latter and sprang at the mother, tearing away large pieces of flesh which they greedily devoured. On one have been known to attack a white-painted herring boat, mistaking it for a beluga, and they will not hesitate to lay hold of harpooned whales and drag them perforce under water."

The orca is also known as the Greenland grampus, and a great deal of controversy about its murderous propensities has been caused by the fact that some writers have confounded it with its small relative, known as the Greenland grampus (phocena grisea), a comparatively harmless creature, found all along the east shores of the Atlantic from Cape Helena to Scotland, while the orca is but seldom seen south of the fortieth parallel, and is found in shoals only near Spitzbergen and the east coast of Greenland.

Compared with that marine monster even the shark is a rather inoffensive brute, though he is apt to offset his lack of speed by cunning and patience. The white shark of the tropics will lurk about wharves for days and haunt bathing places, rarely betraying his presence by premature gambols. Near Singapore boats manned with lascars and kettledrums cruise about the docks before bathers venture to enter the water, and in the harbor of Havana a man was nipped up a year ago under circumstances which seem to prove that ordinary precautions do not always avail against the cunning of a veteran man eater."

A stout mestizo, employed in a dock-town livery stable, came to the beach with a couple of horses, and after letting them splash about in the shallow water for a minute or two put them deeper to give them a chance to swim. A number of promenaders on the beach were watching the horses, when suddenly, to their horror, they saw a big shark rise out of the water, seize the fellow's leg and draw him down before he had time to utter more than a single shriek. The water near the scene of the tragedy was not more than waist deep, but the whole thing was done so quickly that attempts at rescue were unavailing, though the witnesses instantly rushed into the water, ought their sticks and yelling were all they might and main.

Like most sluggish creatures sharks are extremely tenacious of life. The bodies of several species will live for hours after being beheaded, but the effects of the operation by a knife are almost perfectly still or slowly manifested, their forelegs as if trying to crawl away an unseen foe. Decapitated sharks, on the other hand, will continue to exercise their tail muscles with astonishing force, and in the water have been known to swim about as if nothing unusual had happened, until their strength became exhausted by loss of blood. Sir Emerson Tennant describes a rather inhuman experiment of this sort in the offing of Trincomalee, Ceylon, where a crew of enraged sailors hauled a white shark to the gunwale, amputated its head and flung it overboard.